

Bell's Edition.

RICHARD III.

BY

WILL. SHAKSPERE:

*Printed Complete from the TEXT of
SAM. JOHNSON and GEO. STEEVENS,*

And revised from the last Editions.

When Learning's triumph o'er her barb'rous foes
First rear'd the Stage, immortal SHAKSPERE rose;
Each change of many-colour'd life he drew,
Exhausted worlds, and then imagin'd new:
Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,
And panting Time toil'd after him in vain:
His pow'rful strokes presiding Truth confess'd,
And unresisted Passion storm'd the breast.

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

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RICHARD III.

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WILL. SHAKSPERE:

11-10-1911

OBSERVATIONS

ON THE *Fable* AND Composition OF

RICHARD III.

THIS tragedy comprises, at most, but the last eight years of this prince's time; for it opens with George duke of Clarence being clapped up in the Tower, which happened in the beginning of the year 1477; and closes with the death of Richard at Bosworth-Field, which battle was fought on the 22d of August, in the year 1485. THEOBALD.

'This is one of the most celebrated of our author's performances; yet I know not whether it has not happened to him as to others, to be praised most, when praise is not most deserved. That this play has scenes noble in themselves, and very well contrived to strike in the exhibition, cannot be denied. But some parts are trifling, others shocking, and some improbable. JOHNSON.

The oldest known edition of this tragedy is printed for Andrew Wise, 1597: but Harrington, in his *Apologie of Poetrie*, written 1590, and prefixed to the translation of *Ariosto*, says, that a tragedy of *Richard the Third*, had been acted at Cambridge. His words are, "For tragedies, to omit other famous tragedies, that which was played at St. John's in Cambridge, of *Richard the Third*, would move, I think, Phalaris the tyrant, and terrifie all tyrannous minded men, &c." He most probably means Shakspeare's; and if so, we

A ij

may

may argue, that there is some more ancient edition of this play than what I have mentioned; at least this shews how early Shakspeare's play appeared; or if some other *Richard the Third* is here alluded to by Harrington, that a play on this subject preceded our author's. WARTON.

It appears from the following passage in the preface to Nashe's *Have with you to Saffron-Walden*, or *Gabriel Harvey's Hunt is up*, 1596, that a Latin tragedy of *K. Rich. III.* had been acted in Trinity-College, Cambridge: "—— or his fellow codshead, that in the Latine tragedie of *King Richard*, cried—*Ad urbs, ad urbs, ad urbs*, when his whole part was no more than—*Urbs, urbs, ad arma, ad arma*." STEEVENS.

The play on this subject mentioned by Sir John Harrington in his *Apologie for Poetrie*, 1591, and sometimes mistaken for Shakspeare's, was a Latin one, written by Dr. Legge; and acted at St. John's in our university, some years before 1588, the date of the copy in the Museum. This appears from a better MS. in our library at Emmanuel, with the names of the original performers.

A childish imitation of Dr. Legge's play was written by one Lacy, 1583; which had not been worth mentioning, were they not confounded by Mr. Capell. FARMER.

Heywood, in his *Actor's Vindication*, mentions the play of *K. Rich. III.* "acted in St. John's, Cambridge, so essentially, that had the tyrant *Phalaris* beheld his bloody proceedings, it had mollified his heart, and made him relent at sight of his inhuman massacres." And in the books of the Stationers' Company, June 19, 1594, Thomas Creede made the following entry, "An enterlude, intituled the tragedie of *Richard the Third*, wherein is shown the deathe of Edward the Fourthe, with the smotheringe of the twoo princes in the Tower, with the lamentable ende of Shore's wife, and the

the contention of the two houses of Lancaster and Yorke." This could not have been the work of Shakspeare, unless he afterwards dismissed the death of Jane Shore, as an unnecessary incident, when he revised the play. Perhaps, however, it might be some translation of Lacey's play, at the end of the first act of which is, "The shoue of the procession. 1. Tipstaffe. 2. *Shore's wife* in her petticoate, having a taper burning in her hande. 3. The Verger. 4. Queristers. 5. Singing-men. 6. Prebendary. 7. Bishoppe of London. 8. Citizens." There is likewise a Latin song sung on this occasion in MS. Harl. 2412. STEEVENS.

The Latin play of Richard III. (MS. Harl. n. 6926.) has the author's name—Henry Lacey, and is dated—1586.

The passage, which I would mention, is upon the appearance of Richard to Buckingham and the others who came to offer him the crown :

*Sed nunc duobus cinctus ecce episcopis
Apparet in summâ domo princeps pius.—*

It is difficult, I think, to account for such a co-incidence, in a circumstance of mere invention, without supposing that one of the poets must have profited by the other's performance.

TYRWHITT.

This circumstance is not an invention of either poet, but taken from *Hall's Chronicle* :

"At the last he came out of his chambre, and yet not doune to theim, but in a galary ouer theim, with a bishop on euery hande of hym, where thei beneth might se hym and speke to hym, as thoughe he woulde not yet come nere them til he wist what they meante, &c." FARMER.

Dramatis Personae.

MEN.

King EDWARD IV.

EDWARD, Prince of Wales, afterwards
Edward V. } Sons to Edward IV.

RICHARD, Duke of York,

GEORGE, Duke of Clarence, Brother to Edward IV.

A young Son of Clarence.

RICHARD, Duke of Gloster, Brother to Edward IV. after-
wards King Richard III.

Cardinal BOURCHIER, Archbishop of Canterbury.

Archbishop of York.

Bishop of Ely.

Duke of BUCKINGHAM.

Duke of NORFOLK. Earl of SURREY.

Earl RIVERS, brother to King Edward's Queen.

Marquis of DORSET, } her Sons.

Lord GREY,

Earl of RICHMOND, afterwards King Henry VII.

Lord HASTINGS.

Sir THOMAS VAUGHAN.

Sir RICHARD RATCLIFF.

Lord LOVEL.

Sir WILLIAM CATESBY.

Sir JAMES TYRREL.

Lord STANLEY.

Earl of OXFORD.

Sir JAMES BLOUNT.

Sir WALTER HERBERT.

Sir ROBERT BRAKENBURY, Lieutenant of the Tower.

CHRISTOPHER URSWICK, a Priest. Another Priest.

Lord Mayor.

WOMEN.

ELIZABETH, Queen of Edward IV.

Queen MARGARET, Widow of Henry VI.

ANNE, Widow of Edward Prince of Wales, Son to Henry VI.
afterwards married to the Duke of Gloster.

Dutchess of YORK, Mother to Edward IV. Clarence, and
Richard III.

Sheriff, Pursuivant, Scrivener, Citizens, Ghosts, Soldiers,
and other Attendants.



RICHARD III.

ACT I. SCENE I.

England. London. A Street. Enter RICHARD, Duke of Gloster.

Gloster.

Now is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer by this sun of York ;
And all the clouds, that lowr'd upon our house,
In the deep bosom of the ocean bury'd.
Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths ;
Our bruised arms hung up for monuments ;
Our stern alarums chang'd to merry meetings,
Our dreadful marches to delightful measures.
Grim-visag'd war hath smooth'd his wrinkled front ;
And now—instead of mounting barbed steeds, 10
To fright the souls of fearful adversaries—
He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber,

To

To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.
But I—that am not shap'd for sportive tricks,
Nor made to court an amorous looking-glass;
I, that am rudely stamp'd, and want love's majesty,
To strut before a wanton ambling nymph;
I, that am curtail'd of this fair proportion,
Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,
Deform'd, unfinish'd, sent before my time 20
Into this breathing world, scarce half made up,
And that so lamely and unfashionably,
That dogs bark at me, as I halt by them;—
Why I, in this weak piping time of peace,
Have no delight to pass away the time;
Unless to spy my shadow in the sun,
And descant on mine own deformity:
And therefore—since I cannot prove a lover,
To entertain these fair well-spoken days—
I am determined to prove a villain, 30
And hate the idle pleasures of these days.
Plots have I laid, inductions dangerous,
By drunken prophecies, libels, and dreams,
To set my brother Clarence, and the king,
In deadly hate the one against the other:
And, if king Edward be as true and just,
As I am subtle, false, and treacherous,
This day should Clarence closely be mew'd up;
About a prophecy, which says—that G
Of Edward's heirs the murderer shall be. 40
Dive, thoughts, down to my soul! here Clarence
comes.

Enter CLARENCE guarded, and BRAKENBURY.

Brother, good day: What means this armed guard,
That waits upon your grace?

Clar. His majesty,
Tendering my person's safety, hath appointed
This conduct to convey me to the Tower.

Glo. Upon what cause?

Clar. Because my name is—George.

Glo. Alack, my lord, that fault is none of your's;
He should, for that, commit your godfathers:—
O, belike, his majesty hath some intent, 51
That you should be new christen'd in the Tower.
But what's the matter, Clarence? may I know?

Clar. Yea, Richard, when I know; for, I protest,
As yet I do not: But, as I can learn,
He hearkens after prophecies, and dreams;
And from the cross-row plucks the letter G,
And says—a wizard told him, that by G
His issue disinherited should be;
And, for my name of George begins with G, 60
It follows in his thought, that I am he:
These, as I learn, and such like toys as these,
Have mov'd his highness to commit me now.

Glo. Why, this it is, when men are rul'd by
women:—

'Tis not the king, that sends you to the Tower;
My lady Grey his wife, Clarence, 'tis she,
That tempts him to this harsh extremity.
Was it not she, and that good man of worship,

Anthony Woodeville, her brother there,
That made him send lord Hastings to the Tower; 70
From whence this present day he is deliver'd?
We are not safe, Clarence, we are not safe.

Clar. By heaven, I think, there is no man secure,
But the queen's kindred, and night-walking heralds
That trudge betwixt the king and mistress Shore.
Heard you not, what an humble suppliant
Lord Hastings was to her for his delivery?

Glo. Humbly complaining to her deity
Got my lord chamberlain his liberty.
I'll tell you what—I think, it is our way, 80
If we will keep in favour with the king,
To be her men, and wear her livery:
The jealous o'er-worn widow, and herself,
Since that our brother dubb'd them gentlewomen,
Are mighty gossips in this monarchy.

Brak. I beseech your graces both to pardon me;
His majesty hath straitly given in charge,
That no man shall have private conference,
Of what degree soever, with his brother.

Glo. Even so? an please your worship, Brakenbury,
You may partake of any thing we say: 91
We speak no treason, man;—We say, the king
Is wise, and virtuous; and his noble queen
Well struck in years; fair, and not jealous:—
We say, that Shore's wife hath a pretty foot,
A cherry lip, a bonny eye, a passing pleasing tongue;
That the queen's kindred are made gentle-folks:
How say you, sir? can you deny all this?

Brak.

Brak. With this, my lord, myself have nought to do.

Glo. Naught to do with mistress Shore? I tell thee, fellow, 100

He that doth naught with her, excepting one,
Were best to do it secretly, alone.

Brak. What one, my lord?

Glo. Her husband, knave :—Would'st thou betray me?

Brak. I beseech your grace to pardon me; and, withal,

Forbear your conference with the noble duke.

Clar. We know thy charge, Brakenbury, and will obey.

Glo. We are the queen's abjects, and must obey.

Brother, farewell: I will unto the king;

And whatsoe'er you will employ me in— 110

Were it, to call king Edward's widow—sister—

I will perform it, to enfranchise you

Mean time, this deep disgrace in brotherhood,

Touches me deeper than you can imagine.

Clar. I know, it pleaseth neither of us well.

Glo. Well, your imprisonment shall not be long;

I will deliver you, or else lye for you:

Mean time, have patience.

Clar. I must perforce; farewell.

[*Exeunt* CLARENCE, and BRAKENBURY.

Glo. Go, tread the path that thou shalt ne'er return,

Simple, plain Clarence!—I do love thee so, 121

That I will shortly send thy soul to heaven,

If heaven will take the present at our hands.
But who comes here? the new-deliver'd Hastings?

Enter HASTINGS.

Hast. Good time of day unto my gracious lord!

Glo. As much unto my good lord chamberlain!
Well are you welcome to this open air.

How hath your lordship brook'd imprisonment?

Hast. With patience, noble lord, as prisoners
must:

But I shall live, my lord, to give them thanks, 130
That were the cause of my imprisonment.

Glo. No doubt, no doubt; and so shall Clarence
too;

For they, that were your enemies, are his,
And have prevail'd as much on him, as you.

Hast. More pity, that the eagle should be mew'd,
While kites and buzzards prey at liberty.

Glo. What news abroad?

Hast. No news so bad abroad, as this at home;—
The king is sickly, weak, and melancholy,
And his physicians fear him mightily. 140

Glo. Now, by saint Paul, that news is bad indeed.
O, he hath kept an evil diet long,
And over-much consum'd his royal person;
'Tis very grievous to be thought upon.
What, is he in his bed?

Hast. He is.

Glo. Go you before, and I will follow you.

[*Exit HASTINGS.*

He

He cannot live, I hope; and must not die,
 'Till George be pack'd with post-horse up to heaven.
 I'll in, to urge his hatred more to Clarence, 150
 With lies well steel'd with weighty arguments;
 And, if I fail not in my deep intent,
 Clarence hath not another day to live:
 Which done, God take king Edward to his mercy,
 And leave the world for me to bustle in!
 For then I'll marry Warwick's youngest daughter:
 What though I kill'd her husband, and her father?
 The readiest way to make the wench amends,
 Is—to become her husband, and her father:
 The which will I; not all so much for love, 160
 As for another secret close intent,
 By marrying her, which I must reach unto.
 But yet I run before my horse to market:
 Clarence still breathes; Edward still lives, and reigns;
 When they are gone, then must I count my gains.
 [Exit.

SCENE II.

*Another Street. Enter the Corse of HENRY the Sixth,
 with Halberds to guard it; Lady ANNE being the
 Mourner.*

Anne. Set down, set down your honourable load—
 If honour may be shrouded in a hearse—
 Whilst I a while obsequiously lament

The untimely fall of virtuous Lancaster.—
Poor key-cold figure of a holy king! 170
Pale ashes of the house of Lancaster!
Thou bloodless remnant of that royal blood!
Be it lawful that I invoke thy ghost,
To hear the lamentations of poor Anne,
Wife to thy Edward, to thy slaughter'd son,
Stabb'd by the self-same hand that made these
wounds!

Lo, in these windows, that let forth thy life,
I pour the helpless balm of my poor eyes:—
O, cursed be the hand, that made these holes!
Cursed the heart, that had the heart to do it! 180
Cursed the blood, that let this blood from hence!
More direful hap betide that hated wretch,
That makes us wretched by the death of thee,
Than I can wish to adders, spiders, toads,
Or any creeping venom'd thing that lives!
If ever he have child, abortive be it,
Prodigious, and untimely brought to light,
Whose ugly and unnatural aspect
May fright the hopeful mother at the view;
And that be heir to his unhappiness! 190
If ever he have wife, let her be made
More miserable by the death of him,
Than I am made by my young lord, and thee!—
Come, now, toward Chertsey with your holy load,
Taken from Paul's to be interred there;
And, still as you are weary of the weight,
Rest you, whiles I lament king Henry's corse.

Enter

Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Stay you, that bear the corse, and set it down.

Anne. What black magician conjures up this fiend,
To stop devoted charitable deeds? 200

Glo. Villains, set down the corse; or, by saint Paul,
I'll make a corse of him that disobeys.

Gen. My lord, stand back, and let the coffin pass.

Glo. Unmanner'd dog! stand thou when I com-
mand:

Advance thy halberd higher than my breast,
Or, by saint Paul, I'll strike thee to my foot,
And spurn upon thee, beggar, for thy boldness.

Anne. What, do you tremble? are you all afraid?
Alas, I blame you not: for you are mortal,
And mortal eyes cannot endure the devil.— 210

Avaunt, thou dreadful minister of hell!
Thou hadst but power over his mortal body,
His soul thou canst not have; therefore, be gone.

Glo. Sweet saint, for charity, be not so curst.

Anne. Foul devil, for God's sake, hence, and trou-
ble us not;

For thou hast made the happy earth thy hell,
Fill'd it with cursing cries, and deep exclaims.
If thou delight to view thy heinous deeds,
Behold this pattern of thy butcheries:—

Oh, gentlemen, see, see! dead Henry's wounds 220
Open their congeal'd mouths, and bleed afresh!—

Blush, blush, thou lump of foul deformity;
For 'tis thy presence that exhales this blood.

From

From cold and empty veins, where no blood dwells ;
Thy deed, inhuman, and unnatural,
Provokes this deluge most unnatural.—

O God, which this blood mad'st, revenge his death !
O earth, which this blood drink'st, revenge his death !
Either, heaven, with lightning strike the murderer
dead,

Or, earth, gape open wide, and eat him quick ; 230
As thou dost swallow up this good king's blood,
Which his hell-govern'd arm hath butchered !

Glo. Lady, you know no rules of charity,
Which renders good for bad, blessings for curses.

Anne. Villain, thou know'st no law of God nor
man ;

No beast so fierce, but knows some touch of pity.

Glo. But I know none, and therefore am no beast.

Anne. O wonderful, when devils tell the truth !

Glo. More wonderful, when angels are so angry.—
Vouchsafe, divine perfection of a woman, 240
Of these supposed evils, to give me leave,
By circumstance, but to acquit myself.

Anne. Vouchsafe, diffus'd infection of a man,
For these known evils, but to give me leave,
By circumstance, to curse thy cursed self.

Glo. Fairer than tongue can name thee, let me have
Some patient leisure to excuse myself.

Anne. Fouler than heart can think thee, thou canst
make

No excuse current, but to hang thyself.

Glo. By such despair, I should accuse myself. 250

Anne.

Anne. And, by despairing, shalt thou stand excus'd
For doing worthy vengeance on thyself,
That didst unworthy slaughter upon others.

Glo. Say, that I slew them not?

Anne. Then say, they were not slain :
But dead they are, and, devilish slave, by thee.

Glo. I did not kill your husband.

Anne. Why, then he is alive.

Glo. Nay, he is dead; and slain by Edward's hand.

Anne. In thy foul throat thou ly'st; queen Margare-
ret saw 260

Thy murderous faulchion smoking in his blood;
The which thou once didst bend against her breast,
But that thy brothers beat aside the point.

Glo. I was provoked by her sland'rous tongue,
That laid their guilt upon my guiltless shoulders.

Anne. Thou wast provoked by thy bloody mind,
That never dreamt on aught but butcheries :
Didst thou not kill this king?

Glo. I grant ye.

Anne. Dost grant me, hedge-hog? then, God grant
me too, 270
Thou may'st be damned for that wicked deed!

O, he was gentle, mild, and virtuous —

Glo. The fitter for the King of heaven that hath
him.

Anne. He is in heaven, where thou shalt never
come.

Glo. Let him thank me, that help to send him
thither ;

For

For he was fitter for that place, than earth.

Anne. And thou unfit for any place, but hell.

Glo. Yes, one place else, if you will hear me name it.

Anne. Some dungeon.

Glo. Your bed-chamber. 280

Anne. Ill rest betide the chamber where thou lyest !

Glo. So will it, madam, 'til I lie with you.

Anne. I hope so.

Glo. I know so.—But, gentle lady Anne—

To leave this keen encounter of our wits,
And fall somewhat into a slower method ;—
Is not the causer of the timeless deaths
Of these Plantagenets, Henry, and Edward,
As blameful as the executioner ?

Anne. Thou wast the cause, and most accurs'd effect. 290

Glo. Your beauty was the cause of that effect ;
Your beauty, which did haunt me in my sleep,
To undertake the death of all the world,
So I might live one hour in your sweet bosom.

Anne. If I thought that, I tell thee, homicide,
These nails should rend that beauty from my cheeks.

Glo. These eyes could not endure that beauty's wreck,

You should not blemish it, if I stood by :
As all the world is cheered by the sun,
So I by that ; it is my day, my life. 300

Anne. Black night o'er-shade thy day, and death thy life !

Glo.

Glo. Curse not thyself, fair creature; thou art both.

Anne. I would I were, to be reveng'd on thee.

Glo. It is a quarrel most unnatural,
To be reveng'd on him that loveth thee.

Anne. It is a quarrel just and reasonable,
To be reveng'd on him that kill'd my husband.

Glo. He that bereft thee, lady, of thy husband,
Did it to help thee to a better husband. 309

Anne. His better doth not breathe upon the earth.

Glo. He lives, that loves you better than he could.

Anne. Name him.

Glo. Plantagenet.

Anne. Why, that was he.

Glo. The self-same name, but one of better nature.

Anne. Where is he?

Glo. Here: [*She spits at him.*] Why dost thou spit
at me?

Anne. Would it were mortal poison for thy sake!

Glo. Never came poison from so sweet a place.

Anne. Never hung poison on a fouler toad. 320

Out of my sight! thou dost infect mine eyes.

Glo. Thine eyes, sweet lady, have infected mine.

Anne. 'Would they were basilisks, to strike thee
dead!

Glo. I would they were, that I might die at once;
For now they kill me with a living death.

Those eyes of thine from mine have drawn salt tears,
Sham'd their aspects with store of childish drops:

These eyes, which never shed remorseful tear--

Not, when my father York and Edward wept,

To hear the piteous moan that Rutland made, 330
When black-fac'd Clifford shook his sword at him :
Nor when thy warlike father, like a child,
Told the sad story of my father's death ;
And twenty times made pause, to sob, and weep,
That all the standers-by had wet their cheeks,
Like trees bedash'd with rain : in that sad time,
My manly eyes did scorn an humble tear ;
And what these sorrows could not thence exhale,
Thy beauty hath, and made them blind with weeping.
I never su'd to friend, nor enemy ; 340
My tongue could never learn sweet soothing word ;
But now thy beauty is propos'd my fee,
My proud heart sues, and prompts my tongue to speak.

[She looks scornfully at him.]

Teach not thy lip such scorn ; for it was made
For kissing, lady, not for such contempt.
If thy revengeful heart cannot forgive,
Lo! here I lend thee this sharp-pointed sword ;
Which if thou please to hide in this true breast,
And let the soul forth that adoreth thee,
I lay it naked to the deadly stroke, 350
And humbly beg the death upon my knee.

[He lays his Breast open, she offers at it with his Sword.]

Nay, do not pause ; for I did kill king Henry ;—
But 'twas thy beauty that provoked me.
Nay, now dispatch ; 'twas I that stabb'd young Ed-
ward ;—

But 'twas thy heavenly face that set me on.

[She lets fall the Sword.]

Take

Take up the sword again, or take up me.

Anne. Arise, dissembler; though I wish thy death,
I will not be thy executioner.

Glo. Then bid me kill myself, and I will do it.

Anne. I have already. 360

Glo. That was in thy rage:

Speak it again, and, even with the word,
This hand, which for thy love, did kill thy love,
Shall, for thy love, kill a far truer love;
To both their deaths shalt thou be accessory.

Anne. I would I knew thy heart.

Glo. 'Tis figur'd in my tongue.

Anne. I fear me, both are false.

Glo. Then never man was true.

Anne. Well, well, put up your sword. 370

Glo. Say then, my peace is made.

Anne. That shall you know hereafter.

Glo. But shall I live in hope?

Anne. All men, I hope, live so.

Glo. Vouchsafe to wear this ring.

[She puts on the Ring.]

Anne. To take is not to give.

Glo. Look, how this ring encompasseth thy finger,
Even so thy breast encloseth my poor heart;
Wear both of them, for both of them are thine:
And if thy poor devoted servant may 380
But beg one favour at thy gracious hand,
Thou dost confirm his happiness for ever.

Anne. What is it?

Glo. That it may please you leave these sad designs
C To

To him that hath more cause to be a mourner,
 And presently repair to Crosby-Place :
 Where—after I have solemnly interr'd,
 At Chertsey monast'ry this noble king,
 And wet his grave with my repentant tears—
 I will with all expedient duty see you : 390
 For divers unknown reasons, I beseech you,
 Grant me this boon.

Anne. With all my heart ; and much it joys me too,
 To see you are become so penitent.—
 Tressel, and Berkley, go along with me.

Glo. Bid me farewell.

Anne. 'Tis more than you deserve :
 But, since you teach me how to flatter you,
 Imagine I have said farewell already.

[*Exeunt two, with Lady ANNE.*

Glo. Take up the corse, sirs. 400

Gen. Towards Chertsey, noble lord ?

Glo. No, to White-Fryars ; there attend my com-
 ing. [*Exeunt the rest, with the Corse.*

Was ever woman in this humour woo'd ?

Was ever woman in this humour won ?

I'll have her—but I will not keep her long.

What ! I, that kill'd her husband, and his father,

To take her in her heart's extremest hate ;

With curses in her mouth, tears in her eyes,

The bleeding witness of her hatred by ;

With God, her conscience, and these bars against me,

And I no friends to back my suit withal, 411

But the plain devil, and dissembling looks,

And yet to win her—all the world to nothing !

Ha !

Hath she forgot already that brave prince,
Edward, her lord, whom I, some three months since,
Stabb'd in my angry mood at Tewksbury ?

A sweeter and a lovelier gentleman—

Fram'd in the prodigality of nature,

Young, valiant, wise, and, no doubt, right royal—

The spacious world cannot again afford :

421

And will she yet abase her eyes on me,

That cropp'd the golden prime of this sweet prince,

And made her widow to a woful bed ?

On me, whose all not equals Edward's moiety ?

On me, that halt, and am mis-shapen thus ?

My dukedom to a beggarly denier,

I do mistake my person all this while :

Upon my life, she finds, although I cannot,

Myself to be a marvellous proper man.

430

I'll be at charges for a looking-glass ;

And entertain a score or two of tailors,

To study fashions to adorn my body :

Since I am crept in favour with myself,

I will maintain it with some little cost.

But, first, I'll turn yon fellow in his grave ;

And then return lamenting to my love.—

Shine out, fair sun, 'till I have bought a glass,

That I may see my shadow as I pass !

[Exit.

SCENE III.

The Palace. Enter the Queen, Lord RIVERS her Brother, and Lord GREY her Son.

Riv. Have patience, madam ; there's no doubt, his
majesty 440

Will soon recover his accustom'd health.

Grey. In that you brook it ill, it makes him worse :
Therefore, for God's sake, entertain good comfort,
And cheer his grace with quick and merry words.

Queen. If he were dead, what would betide of
me ?

Grey. No other harm, but loss of such a lord.

Queen. The loss of such a lord includes all harms.

Grey. The heavens have bless'd you with a goodly
son,

To be your comforter, when he is gone.

Queen. Ah, he is young ; and his minority 450
Is put into the trust of Richard Gloster,
A man that loves not me, nor none of you.

Riv. Is it concluded, he shall be protector ?

Queen. It is determin'd, not concluded yet :
But so it must be, if the king miscarry.

Enter BUCKINGHAM, and STANLEY.

Grey. Here come the lords of Buckingham and
Stanley.

Buck. Good time of day unto your royal grace !

Stan.

Stan. God make your majesty joyful as you have been!

Queen. The countess Richmond, good my lord of Stanley,

To your good prayer will scarcely say—amen. 460

Yet, Stanley, notwithstanding she's your wife,
And loves not me, be you, good lord, assur'd,
I hate not you for her proud arrogance.

Stan. I do beseech you, either not believe
The envious slanders of her false accusers;
Or, if she be accus'd on true report,
Bear with her weakness, which, I think, proceeds
From wayward sickness, and no grounded malice.

Queen. Saw you the king to-day, my lord of Stanley?

Stan. But now the duke of Buckingham, and I,
Are come from visiting his majesty. 471

Queen. What likelihood of his amendment, lords?

Buck. Madam, good hope; his grace speaks cheerfully.

Queen. God grant him health! Did you confer with him?

Buck. Ay, madam: he desires to make atonement
Between the duke of Gloster and your brothers,
And between them and my lord chamberlain;
And sent to warn them to his royal presence.

Queen. 'Would all were well!—But that will never be;—

I fear, our happiness is at the height. 480

Enter GLOSTER, HASTINGS, and DORSET.

Glo. They do me wrong, and I will not endure it:—

Who are they, that complain unto the king,
That I, forsooth, am stern, and love them not?
By holy Paul, they love his grace but lightly,
That fill his ears with such dissentious rumours.
Because I cannot flatter, and speak fair,
Smile in men's faces, smooth, deceive, and cog,
Duck with French nods and apish courtesy,
I must be held a rancorous enemy.
Cannot a plain man live, and think no harm, 490
But thus his simple truth must be abus'd
By silken, sly, insinuating Jacks?

Grey. To whom in all this presence speaks your grace?

Glo. To thee, that hast nor honesty, nor grace.
When have I injur'd thee? when done thee wrong?—
Or thee?—or thee?—or any of your faction?
A plague upon you all! His royal grace—
Whom God preserve better than you would wish!—
Cannot be quiet scarce a breathing while,
But you must trouble him with lewd complaints. 500

Queen. Brother of Gloster, you mistake the matter:
The king—of his own royal disposition,
And not provok'd by any suitor else;
Aiming, belike, at your interior hatred,
That in your outward action shews itself,
Against my children, brothers, and myself;

Makes

Makes him to send ; that thereby he may gather
The ground of your ill-will, and so remove it.

Glo. I cannot tell ;—The world is grown so bad,
That wrens may prey where eagles dare not perch :
Since every Jack became a gentleman, 511
There's many a gentle person made a Jack.

Queen. Come, come, we know your meaning, brother Gloster ;

You envy my advancement, and my friends :
God grant, we never may have need of you !

Glo. Meantime, God grants that we have need of
you :

Our brother is imprison'd by your means,
Myself disgrac'd, and the nobility
Held in contempt ; while great promotions
Are daily given, to ennoble those 520
That scarce, some two days since, were worth a noble.

Queen. By Him, that rais'd me to this careful height
From that contented hap which I enjoy'd,
I never did incense his majesty
Against the duke of Clarence, but have been
An earnest advocate to plead for him.
My lord, you do me shameful injury,
Falsely to draw me in these vile suspects.

Glo. You may deny that you were not the cause
Of my lord Hastings' late imprisonment. 530

Riv. She may, my lord ; for——

Glo. She may, lord Rivers ?—why, who knows not
so ?

She may do more, sir, than denying that :

She

She may help you to many fair preferments ;
And then deny her aiding hand therein,
And lay those honours on your high desert.

What may she not ? She may—ay, marry, may she—

Riv. What, marry, may she ?

Glo. What, marry, may she ? marry with a king,
A bachelor, a handsome stripling too ; 540
I wis, your grandam had a worser match.

Queen. My lord of Gloster, I have too long borne
Your blunt upbraidings, and your bitter scoffs :
By heaven, I will acquaint his majesty,
Of those gross taunts I often have endur'd.
I had rather be a country servant-maid,
Than a great queen, with this condition—
To be so baited, scorn'd, and stormed at ;
Small joy have I in being England's queen.

Enter Queen MARGARET, behind.

Q. Mar. And lessen'd be that small, God, I beseech
thee ! 550

Thy honour, state, and seat, is due to me.

Glo. What ! threat you me with telling of the
king ?

Tell him, and spare not ; look, what I have said
I will avouch in presence of the king :

I dare adventure to be sent to the Tower.

'Tis time to speak, my pains are quite forgot.

Q. Mar. Out, devil ! I remember them too well :
Thou kill'dst my husband Henry in the Tower,
And Edward, my poor son, at Tewksbury.

Glo.

Glo. Ere you were queen, ay, or your husband
king, 560

I was a pack-horse in his great affairs ;
A weeder-out of his proud adversaries,
A liberal rewarder of his friends ;
To royalize his blood, I spilt mine own.

Q. Mar. Ay, and much better blood than his, or
thine.

Glo. In all which time, you, and your husband
Grey,

Were factious for the house of Lancaster ;—
And, Rivers, so were you :—Was not your husband
In Margaret's battle at Saint Alban's slain ?
Let me put in your minds, if you forget, 570
What you have been ere now, and what you are ;
Withal, what I have been, and what I am.

Q. Mar. A murd'rous villain, and so still thou art.

Glo. Poor Clarence did forsake his father Warwick,
Ay, and forswore himself—Which Jesu pardon !—

Q. Mar. Which God revenge !

Glo. To fight on Edward's party, for the crown ;
And, for his meed, poor lord, he is mew'd up :
I would to God, my heart were flint, like Edward's,
Or Edward's soft and pitiful, like mine ; 580
I am too childish-foolish for this world.

Q. Mar. Hie thee to hell for shame, and leave this
world,

Thou cacodæmon ! there thy kingdom is.

Riv. My lord of Gloster, in those busy days,
Which here you urge, to prove us enemies,

We

We follow'd then our lord, our sovereign king ;
So should we you, if you should be our king.

Glo. If I should be?—I had rather be a pedlar :
Far be it from my heart, the thought thereof !

Queen. As little joy, my lord, as you suppose 590
You should enjoy, were you this country's king ;
As little joy you may suppose in me,
That I enjoy, being the queen thereof.

Q. Mar. A little joy enjoys the queen thereof ;
For I am she, and altogether joyless.

I can no longer hold me patient.— [*She advances.*

Hear me, you wrangling pirates, that fall out
In sharing that which you have pill'd from me :

Which of you trembles not, that looks on me ? 599

If not, that, I being queen, you bow like subjects ;

Yet that, by you depos'd, you quake like rebels?—

Ah, gentle villain, do not turn away !

Glo. Foul wrinkled witch, what mak'st thou in my
sight ?

Q. Mar. But repetition of what thou hast marr'd ;
That will I make, before I let thee go.

Glo. Wert thou not banished, on pain of death ?

Q. Mar. I was ; but I do find more pain in banish-
ment,

Than death can yield me here by my abode.

A husband, and a son, thou ow'st to me—

And thou, a kingdom ;—all of you, allegiance :

This sorrow that I have, by right is your's ; 611

And all the pleasures you usurp, are mine.

Glo. The curse my noble father laid on thee—

When

When thou didst crown his warlike brows with paper,
And with thy scorns drew'st rivers from his eyes;
And then, to dry them, gav'st the duke a clout,
Steep'd in the faultless blood of pretty Rutland;—
His curses, then from bitterness of soul
Denounc'd against thee, are all fallen upon thee;
And God, not we, hath plagu'd thy bloody deed.

Queen. So just is God, to right the innocent. 621

Hast. O, 'twas the foulest deed, to slay that babe,
And the most merciless, that e'er was heard of.

Riv. Tyrants themselves wept when it was re-
ported.

Dors. No man but prophesy'd revenge for it.

Buck. Northumberland, then present, wept to see it.

Q. Mar. What! were you snarling all, before I
came,

Ready to catch each other by the throat,
And turn you all, your hatred now on me? 629
Did York's dread curse prevail so much with heaven,
That Henry's death, my lovely Edward's death,
Their kingdom's loss, my woful banishment,
Could all but answer for that peevish brat?
Can curses pierce the clouds, and enter heaven?—
Why, then, give way, dull clouds, to my quick
curses!—

Though not by war, by surfeit die your king,
As ours by murder, to make him a king!
Edward, thy son, that now is prince of Wales,
For Edward my son, that was prince of Wales,
Die in his youth, by like untimely violence! 640

Thyself

Thyself a queen, for me that was a queen,
Out-live thy glory, like my wretched self!
Long may'st thou live, to wail thy children's loss;
And see another, as I see thee now,
Deck'd in thy rights, as thou art stall'd in mine!
Long die thy happy days before thy death;
And, after many lengthen'd hours of grief,
Die neither mother, wife, nor England's queen!—
Rivers—and Dorset—you were standers by—
And so wast thou, lord Hastings—when my son 650
Was stabb'd with bloody daggers; God, I pray him,
That none of you may live your natural age,
But by some unlook'd accident cut off!

Glo. Have done thy charm, thou hateful wither'd
hag.

Q. Mar. And leave out thee? stay, dog, for thou
shalt hear me.

If heaven have any grievous plague in store,
Exceeding those that I can wish upon thee,
O, let them keep it, 'till thy sins be ripe,
And then hurl down their indignation 659
On thee, the troubler of the poor world's peace!
The worm of conscience still be-gnaw thy soul!
Thy friends suspect for traitors while thou liv'st,
And take deep traitors for thy dearest friends!
No sleep close up that deadly eye of thine,
Unless it be while some tormenting dream
Affrights thee with a hell of ugly devils!
Thou elvish-mark'd abortive, rooting hog!
Thou that wast seal'd in thy nativity

The

The slave of nature, and the son of hell !
 Thou slander of thy mother's heavy womb ! 670
 Thou loathed issue of thy father's loins !
 Thou rag of honour ! thou detested—

Glo. Margaret !

Q. Mar. Richard !

Glo. Ha !

Q. Mar. I call thee not.

Glo. I cry thee mercy then ; for I did think,
 That thou had'st call'd me all these bitter names.

Q. Mar. Why, so I did ; but look'd for no reply.
 O, let me make the period to my curse. 680

Glo. 'Tis done by me ; and ends in—Margaret.

Queen. Thus have you breath'd your curse against
 yourself.

Q. Mar. Poor painted queen, vain flourish of my
 fortune !

Why strew'st thou sugar on that bottled spider,
 Whose deadly web ensnareth thee about ?

Fool, fool ! thou whet'st a knife to kill thyself.

The day will come, that thou shalt wish for me

To help thee curse this pois'nous bunch-back toad.

Hast. False-boding woman, end thy frantick curse ;
 Lest, to thy harm, thou move our patience. 690

Q. Mar. Foul shame upon you ! you have all mov'd
 mine.

Riv. Were you well serv'd, you would be taught
 your duty.

Q. Mar. To serve me well, you all should do me
 duty,

Teach me to be your queen, and you my subjects :

Q. serve me well, and teach yourselves that duty.

Dors. Dispute not with her, she is lunatick.

Q. Mar. Peace, master marquis, you are malapert ;
Your fire-new stamp of honour is scarce current :

O, that your young nobility could judge,

What 'twere to lose it, and be miserable ! 700

They that stand high, have many blasts to shake
them ;

And, if they fall, they dash themselves to pieces.

Glo. Good counsel, marry ;—learn it, learn it,
marquis.

Dors. It touches you, my lord, as much as me.

Glo. Ay, and much more : But I was born so high,
Our aiery buildeth in the cedar's top,
And dallies with the wind, and scorns the sun.

Q. Mar. And turns the sun to shade ;—alas ! alas !—
Witness my sun, now in the shade of death ;
Whose bright out-shining beams thy cloudy wrath
Hath in eternal darkness folded up. 711

Your aiery buildeth in our aiery's nest :—

O God, that see'st it, do not suffer it ;

As it was won with blood, lost be it so !

Buck. Peace, peace, for shame, if not for charity.

Q. Mar. Urge neither charity nor shame to me ;
Uncharitably with me have you dealt,
And shamefully by you my hopes are butcher'd.
My charity is outrage, life my shame—

And in my shame still live my sorrow's rage ! 720

Buck. Have done, have done.

Q. Mar.

Q. Mar. O princely Buckingham, I'll kiss thy hand,
In sign of league and amity with thee :
Now fair befall thee, and thy noble house !
Thy garments are not spotted with our blood,
Nor thou within the compass of my curse.

Buck. Nor no one here ; for curses never pass
The lips of those that breathe them in the air.

Q. Mar. I'll not believe but they ascend the sky,
And there awake God's gentle-sleeping peace. 730
O Buckingham, beware of yonder dog ;
Look, when he fawns, he bites ; and, when he bites,
His venom tooth will rankle to the death :
Have not to do with him, beware of him ;
Sin, death, and hell, have set their marks upon him ;
And all their ministers attend on him.

Glo. What doth she say, my lord of Buckingham ?

Buck. Nothing that I respect, my gracious lord.

Q. Mar. What, dost thou scorn me for my gentle
counsel ?

And sooth the devil that I warn thee from ? 740

O, but remember this another day,
When he shall split thy very heart with sorrow ;
And say, poor Margaret was a prophetess.—

Live each of you the subjects to his hate,
And he to your's, and all of you to God's ! [Exit.

Buck. My hair doth stand on end to hear her curses.

Rto. And so doth mine ; I wonder, she's at liberty.

Glo. I cannot blame her, by God's holy mother ;
She hath had too much wrong, and I repent
My part thereof, that I have done to her. 750

Queen. I never did her any, to my knowledge.

Glo. Yet you have all the vantage of her wrong.
I was too hot to do some body good,
That is too cold in thinking of it now.
Marry, as for Clarence, he is well repaid;
He is frank'd up to fatting for his pains;—
God pardon them that are the cause thereof!

Riv. A virtuous and a christian-like conclusion,
To pray for them that have done scathe to us.

Glo. So do I ever, being well advis'd; 760
For had I curs'd now, I had curs'd myself. [*Aside.*

Enter CATESBY.

Cates. Madam, his majesty doth call for you—
And for your grace—and you, my noble lords.

Queen. Catesby, I come :—Lords, will you go with
me?

Riv. Madam, we will attend your grace.

[*Exeunt all but GLOSTER.*

Glo. I do the wrong, and first begin to brawl.
The secret mischiefs that I set abroad,
I lay unto the grievous charge of others.
Clarence—whom I, indeed, have laid in darkness—
I do bewEEP to many simple gulls; 770
Namely, to Stanley, Hastings, Buckingham;
And tell them—'tis the queen and her allies,
That stir the king against the duke my brother.
Now they believe it; and withal whet me
To be reveng'd on Rivers, Vaughan, Grey:
But then I sigh, and, with a piece of scripture,

Tell

Tell them—that God bids us do good for evil :
And thus I clothe my naked villany
With old odd ends, stol'n forth of holy writ ;
And seem a saint, when most I play the devil. 780

Enter two Murderers.

But soft, here come my executioners.—

How now, my hardy, stout, resolved mates ?

Are you now going to dispatch this thing ?

1 *Murd.* We are, my lord ; and come to have the
warrant,

That we may be admitted where he is.

Glo. Well thought upon, I have it here about me ;

When you have done, repair to Crosby-Place.

But, sirs, be sudden in the execution,

Withal obdurate, do not hear him plead ;

For Clarence is well spoken, and, perhaps, 790

May move your hearts to pity, if you mark him.

1 *Murd.* Tut, tut, my lord, we will not stand to
prate,

Talkers are no good doers ; be assur'd,

We go to use our hands, and not our tongues.

Glo. Your eyes drop mill-stones, when fools' eyes
drop tears :

I like you, lads ;—about your business straight ;

Go, go, dispatch.

1 *Murd.* We will, my noble lord. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.

*An Apartment in the Tower. Enter CLARENCE, and
BRAKENBURY.*

Brak. Why looks your grace so heavily to-day ?

Clar. O, I have past a miserable night, 800
So full of fearful dreams, of ugly sights,
That, as I am a Christian faithful man,
I would not spend another such a night,
Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days;
So full of dismal terror was the time.

Brak. What was your dream, my lord ? I pray you,
tell me.

Clar. Methought, that I had broken from the
Tower,

And was embark'd to cross to Burgundy ;
And, in my company, my brother Gloster :
Who from my cabin tempted me to walk 810
Upon the hatches ; thence we look'd towards Eng-
land,

And cited up a thousand heavy times,
During the wars of York and Lancaster
That had befall'n us. As we pac'd along
Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,
Methought, that Gloster stumbled ; and, in falling,
Struck me, that thought to stay him, over-board,
Into the tumbling billows of the main.

O Lord ! methought, what pain it was to drown !

What

What dreadful noise of water in mine ears ! 820
 What sights of ugly death within mine eyes !
 Methought, I saw a thousand fearful wrecks ;
 A thousand men, that fishes gnaw'd upon ;
 Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
 Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,
 All scatter'd in the bottom of the sea.
 Some lay in dead men's skulls ; and, in those holes,
 Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept
 (As 'twere in scorn of eyes), reflecting gems,
 That woo'd the slimy bottom of the deep, 830
 And mock'd the dead bones that lay scatter'd by.

Brak. Had you such leisure in the time of death,
 To gaze upon these secrets of the deep ?

Clar. Methought, I had ; and often did I strive
 To yield the ghost : but still the envious flood
 Kept in my soul, and would not let it forth
 To seek the empty vast, and wand'ring air ;
 But smother'd it within my panting bulk,
 Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.

Brak. Awak'd you not with this sore agony ? 840

Clar. O, no, my dream was lengthen'd after life ;
 O, then began the tempest to my soul !

I pass'd, methought, the melancholy flood,
 With that grim ferryman which poets write of,
 Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.

The first that there did greet my stranger soul,
 Was my great father-in-law, renowned Warwick ;

Who cry'd aloud—*What scourge for perjury*

Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence ?

And

And so he vanish'd : Then came wand'ring by 850
A shadow like an angel, with bright hair
Dabbled in blood ; and he shriek'd out aloud—
Clarence is come—false, fleeting, perjur'd Clarence—
That stabb'd me in the field by Tewksbury ;—
Seize on him, furies, take him to your torments !—
With that, methought, a legion of foul fiends
Environ'd me, and howled in mine ears
Such hideous cries, that, with the very noise,
I trembling wak'd, and, for a season after,
Could not believe but that I was in hell ; 860
Such terrible impression made my dream.

Brak. No marvel, lord, that it affrighted you ;
I am afraid, methinks, to hear you tell it.

Clar. O, Brakenbury, I have done these things—
That now give evidence against my soul—
For Edward's sake ; and, see, how he requites me !
O God ! if my deep prayers cannot appease thee,
But thou wilt be aveng'd on my misdeeds,
Yet execute thy wrath on me alone :
O, spare my guiltless wife, and my poor children !—
I pray thee, gentle keeper, stay by me ; 871
My soul is heavy, and I fain would sleep.

Brak. I will, my lord ; God give your grace good
rest !— [CLARENCE sleeps.]

Sorrow breaks seasons, and reposing hours,
Makes the night morning, and the noon-tide night.
Princes have but their titles for their glories,
An outward honour for an inward toil ;
And, for unfelt imaginations,

They

They often feel a world of restless cares :
 So that, between their titles, and low name, 880
 There's nothing differs but the outward fame.

Enter the two Murderers.

1 *Murd.* Ho ! who's here ?

Brak. What would'st thou, fellow ? and how cam'st
 thou hither ?

2 *Murd.* I would speak with Clarence, and I came
 hither on my legs.

Brak. What, so brief ?

1 *Murd.* O, sir, 'tis better to be brief, than tedi-
 ous :—

Shew him our commission, talk no more.

Brak. I am, in this, commanded to deliver
 The noble duke of Clarence to your hands :— 890

I will not reason what is meant hereby,

Because I will be guiltless of the meaning.

Here are the keys ;—there sits the duke asleep :

I'll to the king ; and signify to him,

That thus I have resign'd to you my charge.

1 *Murd.* You may, sir ; 'tis a point of wisdom :

Fare you well.

[*Exit BRAKENBURY.*

2 *Murd.* What, shall we stab him as he sleeps ?

1 *Murd.* No ; he'll say, 'twas done cowardly, when
 he wakes. 900

2 *Murd.* When he wakes ! why, fool, he shall ne-
 ver wake until the great judgment day.

1 *Murd.* Why, then he'll say, we stabb'd him sleep-
 ing.

2 *Murd.*

2 *Murd.* The urging of that word, judgment, hath bred a kind of remorse in me.

1 *Murd.* What? art thou afraid?

2 *Murd.* Not to kill him, having a warrant for it; but to be damn'd for killing him, from the which no warrant can defend me. 910

1 *Murd.* I thought, thou hadst been resolute.

2 *Murd.* So I am, to let him live.

1 *Murd.* I'll back to the duke of Gloster, and tell him so.

2 *Murd.* Nay, I pr'ythee, stay a little: I hope, this compassionate humour of mine will change; it was wont to hold me but while one would tell twenty.

1 *Murd.* How dost thou feel thyself now?

2 *Murd.* 'Faith, some certain dregs of conscience are yet within me. 920

1 *Murd.* Remember our reward, when the deed's done.

2 *Murd.* Come, he dies; I had forgot the reward.

1 *Murd.* Where's thy conscience now?

2 *Murd.* In the duke of Gloster's purse.

1 *Murd.* When he opens his purse to give us our reward, thy conscience flies out.

2 *Murd.* 'Tis no matter; let it go; there's few, or none, will entertain it.

1 *Murd.* What, if it come to thee again? 930

2 *Murd.* I'll not meddle with it, it is a dangerous thing, it makes a man a coward; a man cannot steal, but it accuseth him; a man cannot swear, but it checks him; a man cannot lie with his neighbour's wife, but

but it detects him : 'Tis a blushing shame-fac'd spirit,
that mutinies in a man's bosom ; it fills one full of
obstacles : it made me once restore a purse of gold,
that by chance I found ; it beggars any man that
keeps it : it is turn'd out of all towns and cities for a
dangerous thing ; and every man, that means to live
well, endeavours to trust to himself, and live with-
out it. 942

1 *Murd.* 'Zounds, it is even now at my elbow,
persuading me not to kill the duke.

2 *Murd.* Take the devil in thy mind, and believe
him not : he would insinuate with thee, but to make
thee sigh.

1 *Murd.* I am strong fram'd, he cannot prevail with
me.

2 *Murd.* Spoke like a tall fellow, that respects his
reputation. Come, shall we fall to work ? 951

1 *Murd.* Take him over the costard with the hilts
of thy sword, and then throw him into the malmsey-
butt, in the next room.

2 *Murd.* O excellent device ! and make a sop of
him.

1 *Murd.* Soft ! he wakes.

2 *Murd.* Strike.

1 *Murd.* No, we'll reason with him.

Clar. Where art thou, keeper ? give me a cup of
wine.

1 *Murd.* You shall have wine enough, my lord,
anon. 960

Clar. In God's name, what art thou ?

1 *Murd.*

1 *Murd.* A man, as you are.

Clar. But not, as I am, royal.

1 *Murd.* Nor you, as we are, loyal.

Clar. Thy voice is thunder, but thy looks are humble.

1 *Murd.* My voice is now the king's, my looks mine own.

Clar. How darkly and how deadly dost thou speak !

Your eyes do menace me : Why look you pale ?

Who sent you hither ? Wherefore do you come ?

2 *Murd.* To, to, to— 970

Clar. To murder me ?

Both. Ay, ay.

Clar. You scarcely have the hearts to tell me so,

And therefore cannot have the hearts to do it.

Wherein, my friends, have I offended you ?

1 *Murd.* Offended us you have not, but the king.

Clar. I shall be reconcil'd to him again.

2 *Murd.* Never, my lord ; therefore prepare to die.

Clar. Are you call'd forth from out a world of men,

To slay the innocent ? What is my offence ? 980

Where is the evidence that doth accuse me ?

What lawful quest have given their verdict up

Unto the frowning judge ? or who pronounc'd

The bitter sentence of poor Clarence' death ?

Before I be convict by course of law,

To threaten me with death, is most unlawful.

I charge you, as you hope to have redemption,

That you depart, and lay no hands on me ;

The

The deed you undertake is damnable. 989

1 *Murd.* What we will do, we do upon command.

2 *Murd.* And he, that hath commanded, is our king.

Clar. Erroneous vassal! the great King of kings
Hath in the table of his law commanded,
That thou shalt do no murder; Wilt thou then
Spurn at his edict, and fulfil a man's?

Take heed; for he holds vengeance in his hand,
To hurl upon their heads that break his law.

2 *Murd.* And that same vengeance doth he hurl on
thee,

For false forswearing, and for murder too:
Thou didst receive the sacrament, to fight 1000
In quarrel of the house of Lancaster.

1 *Murd.* And, like a traitor to the name of God,
Didst break that vow; and, with thy treacherous
blade,

Unrip'dst the bowels of thy sovereign's son.

2 *Murd.* Whom thou wast sworn to cherish and
defend.

1 *Murd.* How canst thou urge God's dreadful law
to us,

When thou hast broke it in such dire degree?

Clar. Alas! for whose sake did I that ill deed?

For Edward, for my brother, for his sake:

He sends you not to murder me for this; 1010

For in that sin he is as deep as I.

If God will be avenged for the deed,

O, know you yet, he doth it publickly;

Take not the quarrel from his powerful arm;

He needs no indirect nor lawless course,
To cut off those that have offended him.

1 Murd. Who made thee then a bloody minister,
When gallant-springing, brave Plantagenet,
That princely novice, was struck dead by thee?

Clar. My brother's love, the devil, and my rage.

1 Murd. Thy brother's love, our duty, and thy fault,
Provoke us hither now to slaughter thee. 1022

Clar. If you do love my brother, hate not me;
I am his brother, and I love him well.

If you are hir'd for need, go back again,
And I will send you to my brother Gloster;
Who shall reward you better for my life,
Than Edward will for tidings of my death.

2 Murd. You are deceiv'd, your brother Gloster
hates you.

Clar. Oh, no; he loves me, and he holds me dear:
Go you to him from me. 1031

Both. Ay, so we will.

Clar. Tell him, when that our princely father York
Bless'd his three sons with his victorious arm,
And charg'd us from his soul to love each other,
He little thought of this divided friendship:
Bid Gloster think on this, and he will weep.

1 Murd. Ay, mill-stones; as he lesson'd us to weep.

Clar. O, do not slander him, for he is kind.

1 Murd. Right, as snow in harvest.—Come, you
deceive yourself; 1040

'Tis he that sends us to destroy you here.

Clar. It cannot be; for he bewept my fortune,

And

And hugg'd me in his arms, and swore, with sobs,
That he would labour my delivery.

1 *Murd.* Why, so he doth, when he delivers you
From this earth's thralldom to the joys of heaven.

2 *Murd.* Make peace with God, for you must die,
my lord.

Clar. Hast thou that holy feeling in thy soul,
To counsel me to make my peace with God,
And art thou yet to thy own soul so blind, 1050
That thou wilt war with God by murdering me?—
O, sirs, consider, he that set you on
To do this deed, will hate you for the deed.

2 *Murd.* What shall we do?

Clar. Relent, and save your souls.
Which of you, if you were a prince's son,
Being pent from liberty, as I am now—
If two such murderers as yourselves came to you—
Would not entreat for life? as you would beg,
Were you in my distress— 1060

1 *Murd.* Relent! 'tis cowardly, and womanish.

Clar. Not to relent, is beastly, savage, devilish.—
My friend, I spy some pity in thy looks;
O, if thine eye be not a flatterer,
Come thou on my side, and entreat for me:
A begging prince what beggar pities not?

2 *Murd.* Look behind you, my lord.

1 *Murd.* Take that, and that; if all this will not
serve, [Stabs him.

I'll drown you in the malmsey-butt within. [Exit.

2 *Murd.* A bloody deed, and desperately dispatch'd!

How fain like Pilate, would I wash my hands 1071
Of this most grievous guilty murder done!

Re-enter first Murderer.

1 *Murd.* How now? what mean'st thou, that thou
help'st me not?

By heaven, the duke shall know how slack you have
been.

2 *Murd.* I would he knew, that I had sav'd his
brother!

Take thou the fee, and tell him what I say;
For I repent me that the duke is slain. [*Exit.*

1 *Murd.* So do not I; go, coward, as thou art.—
Well, I'll go hide the body in some hole,
'Till that the duke give order for his burial: 1080
And when I have my meed, I will away;
For this will out, and then I must not stay.

[*Exit with the Body.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

*The Court. Enter King EDWARD sick, the Queen, DOR-
SET, RIVERS, HASTINGS, BUCKINGHAM, GREY,
and others.*

K. Edward.

WHY, so; — now have I done a good day's
work; —

You peers, continue this united league:

I every

I every day expect an embassy
From my Redeemer to redeem me hence ;
And now in peace my soul shall part to heaven,
Since I have made my friends at peace on earth.
Rivers, and Hastings, take each other's hand ;
Dissemble not your hatred, swear your love.

Riv. By heaven, my soul is purg'd from grudging
hate ;

And with my hand I seal my true heart's love. 10

Hast. So thrive I, as I truly swear the like !

K. Edw. Take heed you dally not before your
king ;

Lest he, that is the supreme King of kings,
Confound your hidden falsehood, and award
Either of you to be the other's end.

Hast. So prosper I, as I swear perfect love !

Riv. And I, as I love Hastings with my heart !

K. Edw. Madam, yourself are not exempt in this—
Nor your son Dorset—Buckingham, nor you ;—
You have been factious one against the other. 20
Wife, love lord Hastings, let him kiss your hand ;
And what you do, do it unfeignedly.

Queen. There, Hastings ;—I will never more re-
member

Our former hatred, So thrive I, and mine !

K. Edw. Dorset, embrace him ;—Hastings, love
lord marquis.

Dors. This interchange of love, I here protest,
Upon my part, shall be inviolable.

Hast. And so swear I.

K. Edw. Now, princely Buckingham, seal thou this
league

With thy embracements to my wife's allies, 30
And make me happy in your unity.

Buck. Whenever Buckingham doth turn his hate
Upon your grace, but with all duteous love
[*To the Queen.*

Doth cherish you, and yours, God punish me
With hate in those where I expect most love!
When I have most need to employ a friend,
And most assured that he is a friend,
Deep, hollow, treacherous, and full of guile,
Be he unto me! this do I beg of heaven,
When I am cold in love to you, or your's. 40

[*Embracing RIVERS, &c.*

K. Edw. A pleasing cordial, princely Buckingham,
Is this thy vow unto my sickly heart.
There wanteth now our brother Gloster here,
To make the blessed period of this peace.

Buck. And, in good time, here comes the noble
duke.

Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Good morrow to my sovereign, king, and
queen;

And, princely peers, a happy time of day!

K. Edw. Happy, indeed, as we have spent the
day:—

Brother, we have done deeds of charity;
Made peace of enmity, fair love of hate, 50
Between

Between these swelling wrong-incensed peers.

Glo. A blessed labour my most sovereign liege.—
 Among this princely heap, if any here,
 By false intelligence, or wrong surmise,
 Hold me a foe ; if I unwittingly, or in my rage,
 Have aught committed that is hardly borne
 By any in this presence, I desire
 To reconcile me to his friendly peace :
 'Tis death to me, to be at enmity ;
 I hate it, and desire all good men's love.— 60
 First, madam, I entreat true peace of you,
 Which I will purchase with my duteous service ;—
 Of you my noble cousin Buckingham,
 If ever any grudge were lodg'd between us ;—
 Of you, lord Rivers—and, lord Grey, of you—
 That all without desert have frown'd on me ;—
 Of you, lord Woodville—and lord Scales, of you—
 Dukes, earls, lords, gentlemen ; indeed, of all.
 I do not know that Englishman alive,
 With whom my soul is any jot at odds, 70
 More than the infant that is born to-night ;
 I thank my God for my humility.

Queen. A holy-day this shall be kept hereafter :—
 I would to God, all strifes were well compounded.—
 My sovereign lord, I do beseech your highness
 To take our brother Clarence to your grace.

Glo. Why, madam, have I offer'd love for this,
 To be so flouted in this royal presence ?
 Who knows not, that the gentle duke is dead ?

[*They all start.*

You

You do him injury, to scorn his corse. 80

K. Edw. Who knows not, he is dead ! who knows,
he is ?

Queen. All-seeing heaven, what a world is this !

Buck. Look I so pale, lord Dorset, as the rest ?

Dors. Ay, my good lord ; and no man in the pre-
sence,

But his red colour hath forsook his cheeks.

K. Edw. Is Clarence dead ? the order was revers'd.

Glo. But he, poor man, by your first order died,
And that a winged Mercury did bear ;
Some tardy cripple bore the countermand,
That came too lag to see him buried :— 90

God grant that some, less noble, and less loyal,
Nearer, in bloody thoughts, and not in blood,
Deserve not worse than wretched Clarence did,
And yet go current from suspicion !

Enter Lord STANLEY.

Stan. A boon, my sovereign, for my service done !

K. Edw. I pr'ythee, peace ; my soul is full of sor-
row.

Stan. I will not rise, unless you highness hear me.

K. Edw. Then say at once, what is it thou re-
quest'st ?

Stan. The forfeit, sovereign, of my servant's life ;
Who slew to-day a riotous gentleman, 100
Lately attendant on the duke of Norfolk.

K. Edw. Have I a tongue to doom my brother's
death,

And

And shall that tongue give pardon to a slave?
 My brother kill'd no man, his fault was thought,
 And yet his punishment was bitter death.
 Who su'd to me for him? who, in my wrath,
 Kneel'd at my feet, and bid me be advis'd?
 Who spoke of brotherhood? who spoke of love?
 Who told me, how the poor soul did forfake
 The mighty Warwick, and did fight for me? 110
 Who told me, in the field at Tewksbury,
 When Oxford had me down, he rescu'd me,
 And said, *Dear brother, live, and be a king?*
 Who told me, when we both lay in the field,
 Frozen almost to death, how he did lap me
 Even in his garments; and did give himself,
 All thin and naked, to the numb-cold night?
 All this from my remembrance brutish wrath
 Sinfully pluck'd, and not a man of you
 Had so much grace to put it in my mind. 120
 But, when your carters, or your waiting vassals,
 Have done a drunken slaughter, and defac'd
 The precious image of our dear Redeemer,
 You straight are on your knees for pardon, pardon;
 And I, unjustly too, must grant it you:—
 But for my brother, not a man would speak—
 Nor I (ungracious) speak unto myself
 For him, poor soul.—The proudest of you all
 Have been beholden to him in his life;
 Yet none of you would once plead for his life.—
 O God! I fear, thy justice will take hold 131
 On me, and you, and mine, and your's, for this.—
 Come,

Come, Hastings, help me to my closet. Oh,
Poor Clarence!

[*Exeunt King and Queen, HASTINGS, RIVERS,
DORSET, and GREY.*]

Glo. These are the fruits of rashness? — Mark'd
you not,

How that the guilty kindred of the queen
Look'd pale, when they did hear of Clarence' death?
O! they did urge it still unto the king:
God will revenge it. Come, lords; will you go,
To comfort Edward with our company? 140

Buck. We wait upon your grace. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

*The same. Enter the Dutchess of YORK, with the two
Children of CLARENCE.*

Son. Good grandam, tell us, is our father dead?

Dutch. No, boy,

Daugh. Why do you weep so oft? and beat your
breast?

And cry—O Clarence, my unhappy son?

Son. Why do you look on us, and shake your
head,

And call us—orphans, wretches, cast-aways,
If that our noble father be alive?

Dutch. My pretty cousins, you mistake me both;
I do lament the sickness of the king, 150

As

As loth to lose him, not your father's death;
It were lost sorrow, to wail one that's lost.

Son. Then, grandam, you conclude that he is
dead.

The king my uncle is to blame for this:
God will revenge it; whom I will importune
With earnest prayers, all to that effect.

Daugh. And so will I.

Dutch. Peace, children, peace! the king doth love
you well:

Incapable and shallow innocents,
You cannot guess who caus'd your father's death.

Son. Grandam, we can: for my good uncle Gloster
Told me, the king, provok'd to't by the queen, 162
Devis'd impeachments to imprison him:
And when my uncle told me so, he wept,
And pitied me, and kindly kiss'd my cheek;
Bade me rely on him, as on my father,
And he would love me dearly as his child.

Dutch. Ah, that deceit should steal such gentle
shapes,

And with a virtuous vizer hide deep vice!
He is my son, ay, and therein my shame, 170
Yet from my dugs he drew not this deceit.

Son. Think you, my uncle did dissemble, grandam?

Dutch. Ay, boy.

Son. I cannot think it. Hark! what noise is this?

Enter

Enter the Queen, distractedly; RIVERS, and DORSET, after her.

Queen. Ah! who shall hinder me to wail and weep?
To chide my fortune and torment myself?
I'll join with black despair against my soul,
And to myself become an enemy.—

Dutch. What means this scene of rude impatience?

Queen. To make an act of tragic violence:— 180
Edward, my lord, thy son, our king, is dead:—
Why grow the branches, when the root is gone?
Why wither not the leaves, that want their sap?—
If you will live, lament; if die, be brief;
That our swift-winged souls may catch the king's;
Or, like obedient subjects, follow him
To his new kingdom of perpetual rest.

Dutch. Ah, so much interest have I in thy sorrow,
As I had title in thy noble husband!
I have bewept a worthy husband's death, 190
And liv'd by looking on his images:
But now, two mirrors of his princely semblance
Are crack'd in pieces by malignant death;
And I for comfort have but one false glass,
That grieves me when I see my shame in him.
Thou art a widow; yet thou art a mother,
And hast the comfort of thy children left thee:
But death hath snatch'd my husband from mine arms,
And pluck'd two crutches from my feeble hands,
Clarence, and Edward. O, what cause have I 200
(Thine being but a moiety of my grief),

To

To over-go thy plaints, and drown thy cries ?

Son. Ah, aunt ! [*To the Queen.*] you wept not for
our father's death ;

How can we aid you with our kindred tears ?

Daugh. Our fatherless distress was left unmoan'd,
Your widow dolour likewise be unwept !

Queen. Give me no help in lamentation,
I am not barren to bring forth laments :
All springs reduce their currents to mine eyes,
That I, being govern'd by the watry moon, 210
May send forth plenteous tears to drown the world !
Ah, for my husband, for my dear lord Edward !

Chil. Ah, for our father, for our dear lord Clarence !

Dutch. Alas, for both, both mine, Edward and
Clarence !

Queen. What stay had I, but Edward ? and he's
gone.

Chil. What stay had we, but Clarence ? and he's gone.

Dutch. What stays had I, but they ? and they are
gone.

Queen. Was never widow, had so dear a loss.

Chil. Were never orphans, had so dear a loss.

Dutch. Was never mother, had so dear a loss. 220

Alas ! I am the mother of these griefs ;

Their woes are parcell'd, mine are general.

She for an Edward weeps, and so do I ;

I for a Clarence weep, so doth not she :

These babes for Clarence weep, and so do I ;

I for an Edward weep, so do not they :—

Alas ! you three, on me, threefold distress'd,

Pour all your tears ; I am your sorrow's nurse,
And I will pamper it with lamentations.

Dors. Comfort, dear mother ; God is much dis-
pleas'd, 230

That you take with unthankfulness his doing :
In common worldly things, 'tis call'd—ungrateful,
With dull unwillingness to repay a debt,
Which with a bounteous hand was kindly lent ;
Much more, to be thus opposite with heaven,
For it requires the royal debt it lent you.

Riv. Madam, bethink you, like a careful mother,
Of the young prince your son ; send straight for him,
Let him be crown'd ; in him your comfort lives :
Drown desperate sorrow in dead Edward's grave, 240
And plant your joys in living Edward's throne.

Enter GLOSTER, BUCKINGHAM, STANLEY, HAST-
INGS, *and* RATCLIFF.

Glo. Sister, have comfort : all of us have cause
To wail the dimming of our shining star ;
But none can cure their harms by wailing them.—
Madam, my mother, I do cry you mercy,
I did not see your grace :—Humbly on my knee
I crave your blessing.

Dutch. God bless thee ; and put meekness in thy
breast,

Love, charity, obedience, and true duty ! 249

Glo. Amen ; and make me die a good old man !—
That is the butt-end of a mother's blessing ; [*Aside.*
I marvel, that her grace did leave it out.

Buck.

Buck. You cloudy princes, and heart-sorrowing
peers,

That bear this mutual heavy load of moan,
Now cheer each other in each other's love :
Though we have spent our harvest of this king,
We are to reap the harvest of his son.
The broken rancour of your high-swoln hearts,
But lately splinted, knit, and join'd together,
Must gently be preserv'd, cherish'd, and kept : 260
Me seemeth good, that, with some little train,
Forthwith from Ludlow the young prince be fetch'd
Hither to London, to be crown'd our king.

Riv. Why with some little train, my lord of Buck-
ingham ?

Buck. Marry, my lord, lest, by a multitude,
The new-heal'd wound of malice should break out ;
Which would be so much the more dangerous,
By how much the estate is green, and yet ungovern'd :
Where every horse bears his commanding rein,
And may direct his course as please himself, 270
As well the fear of harm, as harm apparent,
In my opinion, ought to be prevented.

Glo. I hope, the king made peace with all of us ;
And the compact is firm, and true, in me.

Riv. And so in me ; and so, I think, in all :
Yet, since, it is but green, it should be put
To no apparent likelihood of breach,
Which, haply, by much company might be urg'd :
Therefore I say with noble Buckingham,
That it is meet so few should fetch the prince. 280

Hast. And so say I.

Glo. Then be it so; and go we to determine
Who they shall be that straight shall post to Ludlow.
Madam—and you my mother—will you go
To give your censures in this weighty business?

[*Exeunt Queen, &c.*]

Manent BUCKINGHAM, and GLOSTER.

Buck. My lord, whoever journeys to the prince,
For God's sake, let not us two stay at home:
For, by the way, I'll sort occasion,
As index to the story we late talk'd of, 289
To part the queen's proud kindred from the prince.

Glo. My other self, my counsel's consistory,
My oracle, my prophet!—My dear cousin,
I, as a child, will go by thy direction.
Towards Ludlow then, for we'll not stay behind.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

A Street near the Court. Enter two Citizens, meeting.

1 *Cit.* Good morrow, neighbour: Whither away
so fast?

2 *Cit.* I promise you, I hardly know myself:
Hear you the news abroad?

1 *Cit.* Yes, that the king is dead.

2 *Cit.* Ill news, by'r lady; seldom comes a better:
I fear,

I fear, I fear, 'twill prove a giddy world. 300

Enter another Citizen.

3 *Cit.* Neighbours, God speed!

1 *Cit.* Give you good morrow, sir.

3 *Cit.* Doth the news hold of good king Edward's death?

2 *Cit.* Ay, sir, it is too true; God help, the while!

3 *Cit.* Then, masters, look to see a troublous world.

1 *Cit.* No, no; by God's good grace, his son shall reign.

3 *Cit.* Woe to that land, that's govern'd by a child!

2 *Cit.* In him there is a hope of government;
That, in his nonage, council under him,
And, in his full and ripen'd years, himself, 310
No doubt, shall then, and 'till then, govern well.

1 *Cit.* So stood the state, when Henry the sixth
Was crown'd in Paris but at nine months old.

3 *Cit.* Stood the state so? no, no, good friends,
God wot;

For then this land was famously enrich'd
With politick grave counsel; then the king
Had virtuous uncles to protect his grace.

1 *Cit.* Why, so hath this, both by his father and
mother.

3 *Cit.* Better it were, they all came by his father;
Or, by his father, there were none at all: 320
For emulation now, who shall be nearest,

Will touch us all too near if God prevent not.
O, full of danger is the duke of Gloster;
And the queen's sons, and brothers, haught and
proud:

And were they to be rul'd and not to rule,
This sickly land might solace as before.

1 *Cit.* Come, come, we fear the worst; all will be
well.

3 *Cit.* When clouds are seen, wise men put on their
cloaks;

When great leaves fall, then winter is at hand;
When the sun sets, who doth not look for night?
Untimely storms make men expect a dearth: 331
All may be well; but, if God sort it so,
'Tis more than we deserve, or I expect.

2 *Cit.* Truly, the hearts of men are full of fear:
You cannot reason almost with a man
That looks not heavily, and full of dread.

3 *Cit.* Before the days of change, still is it so:
By a divine instinct, men's minds mistrust
Ensuing danger; as, by proof, we see
The water swell before a boist'rous storm. 340

But leave it all to God. Whither away?

2 *Cit.* Marry, we were sent for to the justices.

3 *Cit.* And so was I; I'll bear you company.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

SCENE IV.

A Room in the Palace. Enter Archbishop of YORK, the young Duke of YORK, the Queen, and the Dutchess of YORK.

Arch. Last night, I heard, they lay at Northampton ;

At Stony-Stratford they do rest to-night :

To-morrow, or next day, they will be here.

Dutch. I long with all my heart to see the prince ;
I hope, he is much grown since last I saw him.

Queen. But I hear, no ; they say, my son of York
Has almost overta'en him in his growth. 350

York. Ay, mother, but I would not have it so.

Dutch. Why, my young cousin ? it is good to grow.

York. Grandam, one night as we did sit at supper,
My uncle Rivers talk'd how I did grow
More than my brother ; *Ay*, quoth my uncle Gloster,
Small herbs have grace, great weeds do grow apace :
And since, methinks, I would not grow so fast,
Because sweet flowers are slow, and weeds make haste.

Dutch. Good faith, good faith, the saying did not
hold

In him that did object the same to thee : 360

He was the wretched'st thing, when he was young,
So long a growing, and so leisurely,

That, if his rule were true, he should be gracious.

Arch. And so, no doubt, he is, my gracious madam.

Dutch.

Dutch. I hope, he is ; but yet let mothers doubt.

York. Now, by my troth, if I had been remember'd,

I could have given my uncle's grace a flout,
To touch his growth, nearer than he touch'd mine.

Dutch. How, my young York ? I pr'ythee, let me hear it.

York. Marry, they say, my uncle grew so fast,
That he could gnaw a crust at two hours old ; 371
'Twas full two years ere I could get a tooth.

Grandam, this would have been a biting jest.

Dutch. I pr'ythee, pretty York, who told thee this ?

York. Grandam, his nurse.

Dutch. His nurse ! why, she was dead ere thou wast born.

York. If 'twere not she, I cannot tell who told me.

Queen. A parlous boy ; — Go to, you are too shrewd.

Dutch. Good madam, be not angry with the child.

Queen. Pitchers have ears. 380

Enter a Messenger.

Arch. Here comes a messenger : What news ?

Mes. Such news, my lord, as grieves me to unfold.

Queen. How doth the prince ?

Mes. Well, madam, and in health.

Dutch. What is thy news ?

Mes. Lord Rivers, and lord Grey,
Are sent to Pomfret, prisoners ; and, with them,
Sir Thomas Vaughan.

Dutch.

Dutch. Who hath committed them ?

Mes. The mighty dukes, Gloster and Buckingham.
390

Queen. For what offence !

Mes. The sum of all I can, I have disclos'd ;
Why, or for what, the nobles were committed,
Is all unknown to me, my gracious lady.

Queen. Ah me, I see the ruin of my house !
The tyger now hath seiz'd the gentle hind ;
Insulting tyranny begins to jut
Upon the innocent and awless throne :—
Welcome destruction, blood, and massacre !
I see, as in a map, the end of all. 400

Dutch. Accursed and unquiet wrangling days !
How many of you have mine eyes beheld ?
My husband lost his life to get the crown ;
And often up and down my sons were tost,
For me to joy, and weep, their gain and loss :
And being seated, and domestick broils
Clean over-blown, themselves, the conquerors,
Make war upon themselves ; brother to brother,
Blood to blood, self against self :—O, preposterous
And frantick outrage, end thy damned spleen ; 410
Or let me die, to look on death no more !

Queen. Come, come, my boy, we will to sanctuary.—

Madam, farewell.

Dutch. Stay, I will go with you.

Queen. You have no cause.

Arch.

Arch. My gracious lady, go,
 And thither bear your treasure and your goods.
 For my part, I'll resign unto your grace
 The seal I keep; And so betide to me,
 As well I tender you, and all of your's! 420
 Come, I'll conduct you to the sanctuary. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

In London. The Trumpets sound. Enter the Prince of WALES, the Dukes of GLOSTER and BUCKINGHAM, Cardinal BOUCHIER, and others.

Buckingham.

WELCOME, sweet prince, to London, to your chamber.

Glo. Welcome, dear cousin, my thoughts' sovereign:

The weary way hath made you melancholy.

Prince. No, uncle; but our crosses on the way
 Have made it tedious, wearisome, and heavy:
 I want more uncles here to welcome me.

Glo. Sweet prince, the untainted virtue of your years

Hath not yet div'd into the world's deceit:

No more can you distinguish of a man, 9
 Than of his outward shew; which, God he knows,
 Seldom, or never, jumpeth with the heart.

Those

Those uncles, which you want, were dangerous;
 Your grace attended to their sugar'd words,
 But look'd not on the poison of their hearts:
 God keep you from them, and from such false
 friends!

Prince. Good keep me from false friends! but they
 were none.

Glo. My lord, the mayor of London comes to greet
 you.

Enter the Lord-Mayor, and his Train.

Mayor. God bless your grace with health and happy
 days!

Prince. I thank you, good my lord;—and thank
 you all.—

I thought, my mother, and my brother York, 20
 Would long ere this have met us on the way:—
 Fie, what a slug is Hastings! that he comes not
 To tell us, whether they will come, or no.

Enter HASTINGS.

Buck. And, in good time, here comes the sweating
 lord.

Prince. Welcome, my lord: What, will our mo-
 ther come?

Hast. On what occasion, God he knows, not I,
 The queen your mother, and your brother York,
 Have taken sanctuary: The tender prince
 Would fain have come with me to meet your grace,
 But by his mother was perforce withheld. 30

Buck.

Buck. Fie! what an indirect and peevish course
Is this of her's?—Lord cardinal, will your grace
Persuade the queen to send the duke of York
Unto his princely brother presently?
If she deny—lord Hastings, you go with him,
And from her jealous arms pluck him perforce.

Card. My lord of Buckingham, if my weak oratory
Can from his mother win the duke of York,
Anon expect him here: But if she be obdurate
To mild entreaties, God in heaven forbid
We should infringe the holy privilege
Of blessed sanctuary! not for all this land,
Would I be guilty of so deep a sin. 40

Buck. You are too senseless-obstinate, my lord,
Too ceremonious, and traditional:
Weigh it but with the grossness of this age,
You break not sanctuary in seizing him.
The benefit thereof is always granted
To those whose dealings have deserv'd the place,
And those who have the wit to claim the place: 50
This prince hath neither claim'd it, nor deserv'd it;
Therefore, in mine opinion, cannot have it:
Then, taking him from thence, that is not there,
You break no privilege nor charter there.
Oft have I heard of sanctuary men;
But sanctuary children, ne'er 'till now.

Card. My lord, you shall o'er-rule my mind for
once.—

Come on, lord Hastings, will you go with me?

Hast. I go, my lord.

Princee.

Prince. Good lords, make all the speedy haste you may. [*Exeunt Cardinal, and Hastings.*

Say, uncle Gloster, if our brother come, 61
Where shall we sojourn 'till our coronation?

Glo. Where it seems best unto your royal self.
If I may counsel you, some day, or two,
Your highness shall repose you at the Tower:
Then where you please, and shall be thought most fit
For your best health and recreation.

Prince. I do not like the Tower, of any place:—
Did Julius Cæsar build that place, my lord?

Glo. He did, my gracious lord, begin that place;
Which, since, succeeding ages have re-edify'd. 71

Prince. Is it upon record; or else reported
Successively from age to age, he built it?

Buck. Upon record, my gracious lord.

Prince. But say, my lord, it were not register'd;
Methinks, the truth should live from age to age,
As 'twere retail'd to all posterity,
Even to the general all-ending day.

Glo. So wise so young, they say, do ne'er live long.
[*Aside.*

Prince. What say you, uncle? 80

Glo. I say, without characters, fame lives long.
Thus, like the formal vice, Iniquity, }
I moralize—two meanings in one word. [*Aside.*

Prince. That Julius Cæsar, was a famous man;
With what his valour did enrich his wit,
His wit set down to make his valour live:
Death makes no conquest of this conqueror;

For now he lives in fame, though not in life.—
I'll tell you what, my cousin Buckingham.

Buck. What, my gracious lord?

90

Prince. An if I live until I be a man,
I'll win our ancient right in France again,
Or die a soldier, as I liv'd a king.

Glo. Short summers lightly have a forward spring.

[*Aside.*

Enter YORK, HASTINGS, and the Cardinal.

Buck. Now, in good time, here comes the duke of
York.

Prince. Richard of York! how fares our loving
brother?

York. Well, my dread lord; so must I call you
now.

Prince. Ay, brother; to our grief, as it is your's:
Too late he died, that might have kept that title,
Which by his death hath lost much majesty. 100

Glo. How fares our cousin, noble lord of York?

York. I thank you, gentle uncle. O, my lord,
You said, that idle weeds are fast in growth:
The prince my brother hath outgrown me far.

Glo. He hath, my lord.

York. And therefore is he idle.

Glo. O, my fair cousin, I must not say so.

York. Then is he more beholden to you, than I.

Glo. He may command me, as my sovereign;
But you have power in me, as in a kinsman. 110

York. I pray you, uncle, give me this dagger.

Glo.

Glo. My dagger, little cousin ? with all my heart.

Prince. A beggar, brother ?

York. Of my kind uncle, that I know will give ;
And, being but a toy, which is no gift to give.

Glo. A greater gift than that I'll give my cousin.

York. A greater gift ! O, that's the sword to it ?

Glo. Ay, gentle cousin, were it light enough.

York. O then, I see, you'll part but with light
gifts ;

In weightier things you'll say a beggar, nay. 120

Glo. It is too weighty for your grace to wear.

York. I weigh it lightly, were it heavier.

Glo. What, would you have my weapon, little
lord ?

York. I would, that I might thank you as you call
me.

Glo. How ?

York. Little.

Prince. My lord of York will still be cross in
talk ;—

Uncle, your grace knows how to bear with him.

York. You mean, to bear me, not to bear with
me :—

Uncle, my brother mocks both you and me ; 130
Because that I am little like an ape,

He thinks that you should bear me on your shoulders.

Buck. With what a sharp-provided wit he reasons !
To mitigate the scorn he gives his uncle,
He prettily and aptly taunts himself :
So cunning, and so young, is wonderful.

Glo. My lord, will't please you pass along?
 Myself, and my good cousin Buckingham,
 Will to your mother; to entreat of her,
 To meet you at the Tower, and welcome you. 140

York. What, will you go unto the Tower, my
 lord?

Prince. My lord protector needs will have it so.

York. I shall not sleep in quiet at the Tower.

Glo. Why, what should you fear?

York. Marry, my uncle Clarence' angry ghost;
 My grandam told me, he was murder'd there.

Prince. I fear no uncles dead.

Glo. Nor none that live, I hope.

Prince. An if they live, I hope, I need not fear.
 But come, my lord, and, with a heavy heart, 150
 Thinking on them, go I unto the Tower.

[*Exeunt Prince, YORK, HASTINGS, Cardinal,
 and Attendants.*]

Buck. Think you, my lord, this little prating York
 Was not incensed by his subtle mother,
 To taunt and scorn you thus opprobriously;

Glo. No doubt, no doubt: O, 'tis a parlous boy;
 Bold, quick, ingenious, forward, capable;
 He's all the mother's, from the top to toe.

Buck. Well, let them rest.—Come hither, Catesby;
 thou art sworn

As deeply to effect what we intend,
 As closely to conceal what we impart: 160
 Thou know'st our reason's urg'd upon the way;—
 What think'st thou? is it not an easy matter

To

To make William lord Hastings of our mind,
For the instalment of this noble duke
In the seat royal of this famous isle ?

Cates. He for his father's sake so loves the prince,
That he will not be won to aught against him.

Buck. What think'st thou then of Stanley ? will not
he ?

Cates. He will do all in all as Hastings doth.

Buck. Well then, no more but this ; Go, gentle
Catesby, 170

And, as it were far off, sound thou lord Hastings,
How he doth stand affected to our purpose ;
And summon him to-morrow to the Tower,
To sit about the coronation.

If thou dost find him tractable to us,
Encourage him, and tell him all our reasons :
If he be leaden, icy, cold, unwilling,
Be thou so too ; and so break off the talk,
And give us notice of his inclination :
For we to-morrow hold divided councils, 180
Wherein thyself shalt highly be employ'd.

Glo. Commend me to lord William : tell him,
Catesby,

His ancient knot of dangerous adversaries
To-morrow are let blood at Pomfret-castle ;
And bid my friend, for joy of this good news,
Give mistress Shore one gentle kiss the more.

Buck. Good Catesby, go, effect this business
soundly.

Cates. My good lords both, with all the heed I can.

Glo. Shall we hear from you, Catesby, ere we sleep?

Cates. You shall, my lord. 190

Glo. At Crosby-Place, there you shall find us both.

[*Exit CATESBY.*

Buck. Now, my lord, what shall we do, if we perceive

Lord Hastings will not yield to our complots?

Glo. Chop off his head, man;—somewhat we will do;—

And, look, when I am king, claim thou of me
The earldom of Hereford, and all the moveables
Whereof the king my brother was possess'd.

Buck. I'll claim that promise at your grace's hand.

Glo. And look to have it yielded with all kindness.
Come, let us sup betimes; that afterwards 200
We may digest our complots in some form.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Before Lord HASTINGS' House. Enter a Messenger.

Mes. My lord, my lord——

Hast. [*Within.*] Who knocks?

Mes. One from lord Stanley.

Hast. What is't o'clock?

Mes. Upon the stroke of four.

Enter

Enter HASTINGS.

Hast. Cannot thy master sleep these tedious nights ?

Mes. So it should seem by that I have to say.

First, he commends him to your noble lordship.

Hast. And then—

210

Mes. Then certifies your lordship, that this night
He dreamt, the boar had rased off his helm :
Besides, he says, there are two councils held ;
And that may be determin'd at the one,
Which may make you and him to rue at the other.
Therefore he sends to know your lordship's pleasure—

If presently you will take horse with him,
And with all speed post with him toward the north,
To shun the danger that his soul divines.

Hast. Go, fellow, go, return unto thy lord ; 220
Bid him not fear the separated councils :
His honour, and myself, are at the one ;
And, at the other, is my good friend Catesby ;
Where nothing can proceed, that toucheth us,
Whereof I shall not have intelligence.

Tell him, his fears are shallow, wanting instance :
And for his dreams—I wonder, he's so fond
To trust the mockery of unquiet slumbers :

To fly the boar, before the boar pursues,
Were to incense the boar to follow us, 230
And make pursuit, where he did mean no chase.

Go, bid thy master rise and come to me ;
And we will both together to the Tower,

Where,

Where, he shall see, the boar will use us kindly.

Mes. I'll go, my lord, and tell him what you say.

[*Exit.*]

Enter CATESBY.

Cates. Many good morrows to my noble lord!

Hast. Good morrow, Catesby; you are early stirring;

What news, what news, in this our tottering state?

Cates. It is a reeling world, indeed, my lord;
And, I believe, will never stand upright, 240
Till Richard wear the garland of the realm.

Hast. How! wear the garland! dost thou mean the crown?

Cates. Ay, my good lord.

Hast. I'll have this crown of mine cut from my shoulders,

Before I'll see the crown so foul misplac'd.

But canst thou guess that he doth aim at it?

Cates. Ay, on my life; and hopes to find you forward

Upon his party, for the gain thereof:

And, thereupon, he sends you this good news—

That, this same very day, your enemies, 250

The kindred of the queen, must die at Pomfret.

Hast. Indeed, I am no mourner for that news,
Because they have been still my adversaries:

But, that I'll give my voice on Richard's side,

To bar my master's heirs in true descent,

God knows, I will not do it, to the death.

Cates.

Cates. God keep your lordship in that gracious mind!

Hast. But I shall laugh at this a twelve-month hence—

That they, who brought me in my master's hate,
I live to look upon their tragedy. 260

Well, Catesby, ere a fortnight make me older,
I'll send some packing, that yet think not on't.

Cates. 'Tis a vile thing to die, my gracious lord,
When men are unprepar'd and look not for it.

Hast. O monstrous, monstrous! and so falls it out
With Rivers, Vaughan, Grey: and so 'twill do
With some men else, who think themselves as safe
As thou, and I; who, as thou know'st, are dear
To princely Richard, and to Buckingham.

Cates. The princes both make high account of
you— 270

For they account his head upon the bridge. [*Aside.*

Hast. I know they do; and I have well deserv'd it.

Enter STANLEY.

Come on, come on, where is your boar-spear, man?
Fear you the boar, and go so unprovided?

Stan. My lord, good morrow;—and good mor-
row, Catesby:—

You may jest on, but, by the holy rood,
I do not like these several councils, I.

Hast. My lord,
I hold my life as dear as you do your's;
And never, in my days, I do protest, 280

Was

Was it more precious to me than 'tis now :
 Think you, but that I know our state secure,
 I would be so triumphant as I am ?

Stan. The lords at Pomfret, when they rode from
 London,

Were jocund, and suppos'd their states were sure,
 And they, indeed, had no cause to mistrust ;
 But yet, you see, how soon the day o'er-cast.
 This sudden stab of rancour I misdoubt ;
 Pray God, I say, I prove a needless coward !
 What, shall we toward the Tower ? the day is spent.

Hast. Come, come, have with you.—Wot you
 what, my lord ? 291

To-day the lords you talk of are beheaded.

Stan. They, for their truth, might better wear
 their heads,

Than some, that have accus'd them, wear their hats.
 But come, my lord, let's away.

Enter a Pursuivant.

Hast. Go on before, I'll talk with this good fellow.

[*Exeunt Lord STANLEY, and CATESBY.*

Sirrah, how now, how goes the world with thee ?

Purs. The better, that your lordship please to ask.

Hast. I tell thee, man, 'tis better with me now,
 Than when thou met'st me last where now we meet :
 Then I was going prisoner to the Tower, 301
 By the suggestion of the queen's allies ;
 But now, I tell thee (keep it to thyself),
 This day those enemies are put to death,

And

And I in better state than ere I was.

Purs. God hold it, to your honour's good content!

Hast. Gramercy, fellow: There, drink that for me. *[Throws him his Purse.]*

Purs. I thank your honour. *[Exit Pursuivant.]*

Enter a Priest.

Priest. Well met, my lord; I am glad to see your honour.

Hast. I thank thee, good Sir John, with all my heart. 310

I am in your debt for your last exercise;
Come the next sabbath, and I will content you.

Enter BUCKINGHAM.

Buck. What, talking with a priest, lord chamberlain?

Your friends at Pomfret, they do need the priest;
Your honour hath no shriving work in hand.

Hast. Good faith, and when I met this holy man,
The men you talk of came into my mind.
What, go you toward the Tower?

Buck. I do, my lord; but long I shall not stay there:

I shall return before your lordship thence. 320

Hast. Nay, like enough, for I stay dinner there.

Buck. And supper too, although thou know'st it not. *[Aside.]*

Come, will you go?

Hast. I'll wait upon your lordship. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE

SCENE III.

Before Pomfret-Castle. Enter Sir RICHARD RATCLIFF, conducting Lord RIVERS, Lord RICHARD GREY, and Sir THOMAS VAUGHAN, to Execution.

Rat. Come, bring forth the prisoners.

Riv. Sir Richard Ratcliff, let me tell thee this—
To-day shalt thou behold a subject die,
For truth, for duty, and for loyalty.

Grey. God keep the prince from all the pack of
you!

A knot you are of damned blood-suckers. 330

Vaugh. You live, that shall cry woe for this here-
after.

Rat. Dispatch; the limit of your lives is out.

Riv. O Pomfret, Pomfret! O thou bloody prison,
Fatal and ominous to noble peers!

Within the guilty closure of thy walls,
Richard the second here was hack'd to death:
And, for more slander to thy dismal seat,
We give thee up our guiltless blood to drink.

Grey. Now Margaret's curse is fallen upon our
heads,

When she exclaim'd on Hastings, you, and I, 340
For standing by when Richard stabb'd her son.

Riv. Then curs'd she Hastings, curs'd she Buck-
ingham,

Then curs'd she Richard:—O, remember, God,
To hear her prayer for them, as now for us!

As

As for my sister, and her princely sons—
Be satisfied, dear God, with our true bloods,
Which, as thou know'st, unjustly must be spilt!

Rat. Make haste, the hour of death is now expir'd.

Riv. Come, Grey—come, Vaughan—let us here
embrace: 349

Farewel, until we meet again in heaven. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.

The Tower. BUCKINGHAM, STANLEY, HASTINGS,
*Bishop of ELY, CATESBY, LOVEL, with others, at
a Table.*

Hast. Now, noble peers, the cause why we are met
Is—to determine of the coronation:

In God's name, speak, when is the royal day?

Buck. Are all things ready for that royal time?

Stan. They are, and wants but nomination.

Ely. To-morrow then I judge a happy day.

Buck. Who knows the lord protector's mind here-
in?

Who is most inward with the noble duke?

Ely. Your grace, we think, should soonest know
his mind.

Buck. We know each other's faces: for our
hearts—

He knows no more of mine, than I of your's; 361
Nor I of his, my lord, than you of mine:—

H

Lord

Lord Hastings, you and he are near in love.

Hast. I thank his grace, I know he loves me well :
But, for his purpose in the coronation,
I have not sounded him, nor he deliver'd
His gracious pleasure any way therein :
But you, my noble lord, may name the time ;
And in the duke's behalf I'll give my voice,
Which, I presume, he'll take in gentle part. 370

Enter GLOSTER.

Ely. In happy time, here comes the duke himself.

Glo. My noble lords and cousins, all good morrow :
I have been long a sleeper ; but, I trust,
My absence doth neglect no great design,
Which by my presence might have been concluded.

Buck. Had you not come upon your cue, my lord,
William lord Hastings had pronounc'd your part—
I mean, your voice—for crowning of the king.

Glo. Than my lord Hastings, no man might be
bolder ;

His lordship knows me well, and loves me well.—
My lord of Ely, when I was last in Holborn, 381
I saw good strawberries in your garden there ;
I do beseech you, send for some of them.

Ely. Marry, and will, my lord, with all my heart.
[Exit ELY.]

Glo. Cousin of Buckingham, a word with you.
Catesby hath sounded Hastings in our business ;
And finds the testy gentleman so hot,
That he will lose his head, ere give consent

His

His master's child, as worshipfully he terms it,
Shall lose the royalty of England's throne. 390

Buck. Withdraw yourself awhile, I'll go with you.

[*Exeunt GLOSTER, and BUCKINGHAM.*]

Stan. We have not yet set down this day of triumph.

To-morrow, in my judgment, is too sudden;
For I myself am not so well provided,
As else I would be, were the day prolong'd.

Re-enter Bishop of ELY.

Ely. Where is my lord protector? I have sent
For these strawberries.

Hast. His grace looks cheerfully and smooth this
morning;

There's some conceit or other likes him well,
When he doth bid good-morrow with such spirit.
I think, there's ne'er a man in Christendom, 401
Can lesser hide his love, or hate, than he;
For by his face straight shall you know his heart.

Stan. What of his heart perceive you in his face,
By any likelihood he shew'd to-day?

Hast. Marry, that with no man here he is offended;
For, were he, he had shewn it in his looks.

Re-enter GLOSTER, and BUCKINGHAM.

Glo. I pray you all, tell me what they deserve,
That do conspire my death with devilish plots
Of damned witchcraft; and that have prevail'd
Upon my body with their hellish charms? 411

Hij

Hast.

Hast. The tender love I bear your grace, my lord,
Makes me most forward in this noble presence
To doom the offenders: Whosoe'er they be,
I say, my lord, they have deserved death.

Glo. Then be your eyes the witness of their evil,
Look how I am bewitch'd; behold, mine arm
Is, like a blasted sapling, wither'd up:
And this is Edward's wife, that monstrous witch,
Consorted with that harlot, strumpet Shore, 420
That by their witchcraft thus have marked me.

Hast. If they have done this deed, my noble
lord—

Glo. If! thou protector of this damned strumpet,
Talk'st thou to me of ifs?—Thou art a traitor:—
Off with his head!—now, by saint Paul I swear,
I will not dine until I see the same.—
Lovel, and Catesby, look that it be done;
The rest, that love me, rise, and follow me.

[Exit Council, with RICHARD and BUCK-
INGHAM.]

Hast. Woe, woe, for England! not a whit for me;
For I, too fond, might have prevented this: 430
Stanley did dream, the boar did rase his helm;
But I disdain'd it, and did scorn to fly.
Three times to-day my foot-cloth horse did stumble,
And started, when he look'd upon the Tower,
As loth to bear me to the slaughter-house.
O, now I need the priest that spake to me:
I now repent I told the pursuivant,
As too triumphing, how mine enemies

To-

To-day at Pomfret bloodily were butcher'd,
And I myself secure in grace and favour. 440

O, Margaret, Margaret ! now thy heavy curse
Is lighted on poor Hastings' wretched head.

Cates. Dispatch, my lord, the duke would be at
dinner ;

Make a short shrift, he longs to see your head.

Hast. O momentary grace of mortal men,
Which we more hunt for than the grace of God !
Who builds his hope in air of your fair looks,
Lives like a drunken sailor on a mast ;
Ready, with every nod, to tumble down
Into the fatal bowels of the deep. 450

Lov. Come, come, dispatch ; 'tis bootless to ex-
claim.

Hast. Oh, bloody Richard !—miserable England !
I prophesy the fearful'st time to thee,
That ever wretched age hath look'd upon.—
Come, lead me to the block, bear him my head ;
They smile at me, who shortly shall be dead.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

*The Tower-Walls. Enter GLOSTER, and BUCKING-
HAM, in rusty Armour, marvellous ill-favour'd.*

Glo. Come, cousin, canst thou quake, and change
thy colour ?

Hij

Murder

Murder thy breath in middle of a word—

And then again begin, and stop again, 459

As if thou wert distraught, and mad with terror!

Buck. Tut, I can counterfeit the deep tragedian;
Speak, and look back, and pry on every side,
Tremble and start at wagging of a straw,
Intending deep suspicion: ghastly looks
Are at my service, like enforced smiles;
And both are ready in their offices,
At any time, to grace my stratagems.
But what, is Catesby gone?

Glo. He is; and, see, he brings the mayor along.

Enter the Lord-Mayor, and CATESBY.

Buck. Let me alone to entertain him. — Lord-
mayor! 470

Glo. Look to the draw-bridge there.

Buck. Hark! a drum.

Glo. Catesby, o'erlook the walls.

Buck. Lord-mayor, the reason we have sent for
you—

Glo. Look back, defend thee, here are enemies.

Buck. God and our innocency defend and guard us!

Enter LOVEL, and RATCLIFF, with HASTINGS'
Head.

Glo. Be patient, they are friends; Ratcliff, and
Lovel.

Lov. Here is the head of that ignoble traitor,
The dangerous and unsuspected Hastings.

Glo.

Glo. So dear I lov'd the man, that I must weep.
 I took him for the plainest harmless creature, 481
 That breath'd upon the earth a christian;
 Made him my book, wherein my soul recorded
 The history of all her secret thoughts:
 So smooth he daub'd his vice with shew of virtue,
 That, his apparent open guilt omitted—
 I mean, his conversation with Shore's wife—
 He liv'd from all attainder of suspect.

Buck. Well, well, he was the covert'st shelter'd
 traitor
 That ever liv'd.—Look you, my lord-mayor, 490
 Would you imagine, or almost believe
 (Were't not, that by great preservation
 We live to tell it you), the subtle traitor
 This day had plotted, in the council-house,
 To murder me, and my good lord of Gloster?

Mayor. What! had he so?

Glo. What! think you we are Turks, or infidels?
 Or that we would, against the form of law,
 Proceed thus rashly in the villain's death;
 But that the extreme peril of the case, 500
 The peace of England, and our person's safety,
 Enforc'd us to this execution?

Mayor. Now, fair befall you! he deserv'd his death;
 And your good graces both have well proceeded,
 To warn false traitors from the like attempts.
 I never look'd for better at his hands,
 After he once fell in with mistress Shore.

Buck.

Buck. Yet had we not determin'd he should die,
Until your lordship came to see his end ;
Which now the loving haste of these our friends, 510
Somewhat against our meaning, hath prevented :
Because, my lord, we would have had you heard
The traitor speak, and timorously confess
The manner and the purpose of his treasons ;
That you might well have signify'd the same
Unto the citizens, who, haply, may
Misconstrue us in him, and wail his death.

Mayor. But, my good lord, your grace's word
shall serve,
As well as I had seen, and heard him speak :
And do not doubt, right noble princes both, 520
But I'll acquaint our duteous citizens
With all your just proceedings in this case.

Glo. And to that end we wish'd your lordship here,
To avoid the censures of the carping world.

Buck. But since you came too late of our intent,
Yet witness what you hear we did intend :
And so, my good lord-mayor, we bid farewell.

[Exit Mayor.]

Glo. Go, after, after, cousin Buckingham.
The mayor towards Guildhall hies him in all post :—
There, at your meetest vantage of the time, 530
Infer the bastardy of Edward's children :
Tell them, how Edward put to death a citizen,
Only for saying—he would make his son
Heir to the crown ; meaning, indeed, his house,
Which, by the sign thereof, was termed so.

Moreover, urge his hateful luxury,
 And bestial appetite in change of lust;
 Which stretch'd unto their servants, daughters,
 wives,
 Even where his ranging eye, or savage heart,
 Without control, listed to make his prey. 540

Nay, for a need, thus far come near my person:—
 Tell them, when that my mother went with child
 Of that insatiate Edward, noble York,
 My princely father, then had wars in France;
 And, by just computation of the time,
 Found, that the issue was not his begot;
 Which well appeared in his lineaments,
 Being nothing like the noble duke my father.
 Yet touch this sparingly, as 'twere far off;
 Because, my lord, you know, my mother lives. 550

Buck. Doubt not, my lord; I'll play the orator,
 As if the golden fee, for which I plead,
 Were for myself: and so, my lord, adieu.

Glo. If you thrive well, bring them to Baynard's
 castle;
 Where you shall find me well accompanied,
 With reverend fathers, and well-learned bishops.

Buck. I go; and, towards three or four o'clock,
 Look for the news that the Guildhall affords.

[*Exit* BUCKINGHAM.]

Glo. Go, Lovel, with all speed to doctor Shaw—
 Go thou to friar Penker;—bid them both 560
 Meet me, within this hour, at Baynard's castle.

[*Exeunt* LOVEL, and CATESBY.]

Now

Now will I in, to take some privy order
To draw the brats of Clarence out of sight ;
And to give notice, that no manner of person
Have, any time, recourse unto the princes. [Exit.

SCENE VI.

A Street. Enter a Scrivener.

Scriv. Here is the indictment of the good lord
Hastings ;
Which in a set hand fairly is engross'd,
That it may be to-day read o'er in Paul's.
And mark how well the sequel hangs together :—
Eleven hours I have spent to write it over, 570
For yesternight by Catesby was it sent me ;
The precedent was full as long a doing :
And yet within these five hours Hastings liv'd,
Untainted, unexamin'd, free, at liberty.
Here's a good world the while ?——Who is so gross,
That cannot see this palpable device ?
Yet who so bold, but says—he sees it not ?
Bad is the world ; and all will come to nought,
When such bad dealing must be seen in thought.
[Exit.

SCENE

SCENE VII.

Baynard's Castle. Enter GLOSTER, and BUCKINGHAM, at several Doors.

Glo. How now, how now? what say the citizens?

Buck. Now by the holy mother of our Lord, 581
The citizens are mum, say not a word.

Glo. Touch'd you the bastardy of Edward's children?

Buck. I did; with his contract with lady Lucy,
And his contract by deputy in France:
The ensatiate greediness of his desires,
And his enforcement of the city wives;
His tyranny for trifles; his own bastardy,—
As being got, your father then in France,
And his resemblance, being not like the duke. 590

Withal, I did infer your lineaments—
Being the right idea of your father,
Both in your form and nobleness of mind:
Laid open all your victories in Scotland,
Your discipline in war, wisdom in peace,
Your bounty, virtue, fair humility;
Indeed, left nothing, fitting for your purpose,
Untouch'd, or slightly handled, in discourse.
And, when my oratory grew toward end,
I bade them, that did love their country's good, 600
Cry—*God save Richard, England's royal king!*

Glo. And did they so?

Buck.

Buck. No, so God help me, they spake not a word;
 But, like dumb statues, or unbreathing stones,
 Star'd on each other, and look'd deadly pale.
 Which when I saw, I reprehended them;
 And ask'd the mayor, what meant this wilful silence?
 His answer was—the people were not us'd
 To be spoke to, but by the recorder.

Then he was urg'd to tell my tale again;— 610

Thus saith the duke, thus hath the duke inferr'd;
 But nothing spoke in warrant from himself.

When he had done, some followers of mine own,
 At lower end o'the hall, hurl'd up their caps,
 And some ten voices cry'd, *God save king Richard!*
 And thus I took the vantage of those few—
Thanks, gentle citizens, and friends, quoth I;
This general applause, and cheerful shout,
Argues your wisdom, and your love to Richard:
 And even here brake off, and came away. 620

Glo. What tongueless blocks were they; Would
 they not speak?

Will not the mayor then, and his brethren, come?

Buck. The mayor is here at hand; Intend some
 fear;

Be not you spoke with, but by mighty suit:
 And look you get a prayer-book in your hand,
 And stand between two churchmen, good my lord;
 For on that ground I'll make a holy descant:
 And be not easily won to our requests;
 Play the maid's part, still answer nay, and take it.

Glo. I go; And if you plead as well for them, 630

As I can say nay to thee for myself;
No doubt we'll bring it to a happy issue.

Buck. Go, go, up to the leads; the lord-mayor
knocks. [Exit GLOSTER.]

Enter the Lord-Mayor, and Citizens.

Welcome, my lord: I dance attendance here;
I think, the duke will not be spoke withal.—

Enter CATESBY.

Now, Catesby, what says your lord to my request?

Cates. He doth entreat your grace, my noble lord,
To visit him to-morrow, or next day:
He is within, with two right reverend fathers,
Divinely bent to meditation; 640
And in no worldly suit would he be mov'd,
To draw him from his holy exercise.

Buck. Return, good Catesby, to the gracious
duke;

Tell him, myself, the mayor, and aldermen,
In deep designs, in matter of great moment,
No less importing than our general good,
Are come to have some conference with his grace.

Cates. I'll signify so much unto him straight.

[Exit.]

Buck. Ah, ha, my lord, this prince is not an Ed-
ward!

He is not lolling on a lewd day-bed, 650
But on his knees at meditation;

Not dallying with a brace of courtezans,
 But meditating with two deep divines ;
 Not sleeping, to engross his idle body,
 But praying, to enrich his watchful soul :
 Happy were England, would this virtuous prince
 Take on himself the sovereignty thereof ;
 But, sure, I fear, we shall ne'er win him to it.

Mayor. Marry, God defend his grace should say us
 nay !

Buck. I fear, he will : Here Catesby comes again :—

Re-enter CATESBY.

Catesby, what says your lord ? 661

Cates. He wonders to what end you have assembled
 Such troops of citizens to come to him,
 His grace not being warn'd thereof before :
 He fears, my lord, you mean no good to him.

Buck. Sorry I am, my noble cousin should
 Suspect me, that I mean no good to him.
 By heaven, we come to him in perfect love ;
 And so once more return and tell his grace.

[*Exit CATESBY.*

When holy and devout religious men 670
 Are at their beads, 'tis hard to draw them thence ;
 So sweet is zealous contemplation.

*Enter GLOSTER above, between two Bishops. CATESBY
 returns.*

Mayor. See, where his grace stands 'tween two
 clergymen !

Buck. Two props of virtue for a christian prince,
To stay him from the fall of vanity :
And, see, a book of prayer in his hand ;
True ornaments to know a holy man.—
Famous Plantagenet, most gracious prince,
Lend favourable ear to our requests ;
And pardon us the interruption 680
Of thy devotion, and right-christian zeal.

Glo. My lord, there needs no such apology ;
I rather do beseech you pardon me,
Who, earnest in the service of my God,
Deferr'd the visitation of my friends.
But, leaving this, what is your grace's pleasure ?

Buck. Even that, I hope, which pleaseth God
above,
And all good men of this ungovern'd isle.

Glo. I do suspect, I have done some offence,
That seems disgraceful in the city's eye ; 690
And that you come to reprehend my ignorance.

Buck. You have, my lord ; Would it might please
your grace,
On our entreaties, to amend your fault !

Glo. Else wherefore breathe I in a Christian land ?

Buck. Know, then, it is your fault, that you resign
The supreme seat, the throne majestic,
The scepter'd office of your ancestors,
Your state of fortune, and your due of birth,
The lineal glory of your royal house,
To the corruption of a blemish'd stock : 700
Whilst, in the mildness of your sleepy thoughts

(Which here we waken to our country's good),
The noble isle doth want her proper limbs ;
Her face defac'd with scars of infamy,
Her royal stock graft with ignoble plants,
And almost shoulder'd in the swallowing gulph
Of dark forgetfulness and deep oblivion.

Which to recure, we heartily solicit
Your gracious self to take on you the charge
And kingly government of this your land :
Not as protector, steward, substitute,
Or lowly factor for another's gain ;
But as successively, from blood to blood,
Your right of birth, your empery, your own.
For this, consorted with the citizens,
Your very worshipful and loving friends,
And by their vehement instigation,
In this just suit come I to move your grace.

Glo. I cannot tell, if to depart in silence,
Or bitterly to speak in your reproof,
Best fitteth my degree, or your condition :
For, not to answer, you might haply think,
Tongue-ty'd ambition, not replying, yielded
To bear the golden yoke of sovereignty,
Which fondly you would here impose on me ;
If to reprove you for this suit of yours,
So season'd with your faithful love to me,
Then, on the other side, I check'd my friends.
Therefore—to speak, and to avoid the first ;
And then, in speaking, not to incur the last—
Definitively thus I answer you.

710

720

730

Your

Your love deserves my thanks ; but my desert
 Unmeritable, shuns your high request.
 First, if all obstacles were cut away,
 And that my path were even to the crown,
 As my right revenue and due by birth ;
 Yet so much is my poverty of spirit,
 So mighty, and so many, my defects,
 That I would rather hide me from my greatness—
 Being a bark to brook no mighty sea— 740
 Than in my greatness covet to be hid,
 And in the vapour of my glory smother'd.
 But, God be thank'd, there is no need of me
 (And much I need to help you, if need were) ;
 The royal tree hath left us royal fruit,
 Which, mellow'd by the stealing hours of time,
 Will well become the seat of majesty,
 And make, no doubt, us happy by his reign.
 On him I lay what you would lay on me,
 The right and fortune of his happy stars— 750
 Which, God defend, that I should wring from him !

Buck. My lord, this argues conscience in your grace ;
 But the respects thereof are nice and trivial,
 All circumstances well considered.
 You say, that Edward is your brother's son ;
 So say we too, but not by Edward's wife :
 For first was he contract to lady Lucy,
 Your mother lives a witness to his vow ;
 And afterwards by substitute betroth'd
 To Bona, sister to the king of France. 760
 These both put by, a poor petitioner,

A care-craz'd mother to a many sons,
 A beauty-waning and distressed widow,
 Even in the afternoon of her best days,
 Made prize and purchase of his wanton eye,
 Seduc'd the pitch and height of all his thoughts
 To base declension and loath'd bigamy :
 By her, in his unlawful bed, he got
 This Edward, whom our manners call—the prince.
 More bitterly could I expostulate, 770
 Save that, for reverence to some alive,
 I give a sparing limit to my tongue.
 Then, good my lord, take to your royal self
 This proffer'd benefit of dignity :
 If not to bless us and the land withal,
 Yet to draw forth your noble ancestry
 From the corruption of abusing time,
 Unto a lineal true-derived course.

Mayor. Do, good my lord ; your citizens entreat you.

Buck. Refuse not, mighty lord, this proffer'd love.

Cates. O, make them joyful, grant their lawful suit. 781

Glo. Alas, why would you heap these cares on me ?
 I am unfit for state and majesty :—
 I do beseech you, take it not amiss ;
 I cannot, nor I will not yield to you.

Buck. If you refuse it—as in love and zeal,
 Loth to depose the child, your brother's son ;
 As well we know your tenderness of heart,
 And gentle, kind, effeminate remorse,

Which

Which we have noted in you to your kindred, 790
 And equally, indeed, to all estates—
 Yet know, whe'r you accept our suit or no,
 Your brother's son shall never reign our king;
 But we will plant some other in the throne,
 To the disgrace and downfal of your house.
 And, in this resolution, here we leave you;—
 Come, citizens, we will entreat no more. [*Exeunt.*]

Cates. Call them again, sweet prince, accept their
 suit;

If you deny them, all the land will rue it.

Glo. Will you enforce me to a world of cares? 800
 Well, call them again; I am not made of stone,
 [*Exit CATESBY.*]

But penetrable to your kind entreaties,
 Albeit against my conscience and my soul.—

Re-enter BUCKINGHAM, and the Rest.

Cousin of Buckingham—and sage, grave men—
 Since you will buckle fortune on my back,
 To bear her burden, whe'r I will, or no,
 I must have patience to endure the load:
 But if black scandal, or foul-fac'd reproach,
 Attend the sequel of your imposition,
 Your meer enforcement shall acquittance me 810
 From all the impure blots and stains thereof;
 For God doth know, and you may partly see,
 How far I am from the desire of this.

Mayor. God bless your grace! we see it, and will
 say it.

Glo.

Glo. In saying so, you shall but say the truth.

Buck. Then I salute you with this royal title—
Long live king Richard, England's worthy king!

All. Amen.

Buck. To-morrow may it please you to be crown'd?

Glo. Even when you please, for you will have it so.

Buck. To-morrow then we will attend your grace;
And so, most joyfully, we take our leave. 822

Glo. [*To the Clergymen.*] Come, let us to our holy
work again:—

Farewel, good cousin;—farewel, gentle friends.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Before the Tower. Enter the Queen, Dutchess of YORK,
and Marquis of DORSET, at one Door; Anne Dutchess
of GLOSTER, leading Lady MARGARET PLANTAGENET,
CLARENCE's young Daughter, at the other.

Dutchess.

W H O meets us here?—my niece Plantagenet,
Led in the hand of her kind aunt of Gloster?
Now, for my life, she's wand'ring to the Tower,
On pure heart's love, to greet the tender prince.—
Daughter, well met.

Anne. God give your graces both
A happy and a joyful time of day!

Queen.

Queen. As much to you, good sister! Whither away?

Anne. No further than the Tower; and, as I guess,
Upon the like devotion as yourselves, 10
To gratulate the gentle princes there.

Queen. Kind sister, thanks; we'll enter all together:

Enter BRAKENBURY.

And, in good time, here the lieutenant comes.—
Master lieutenant, pray you, by your leave,
How doth the prince, and my young son of York?

Brak. Right well, dear madam: By your patience,
I may not suffer you to visit them;
The king hath strictly charg'd the contrary.

Queen. The king! who's that?

Brak. I mean, the lord protector. 20

Queen. The lord protect him from that kingly title!
Hath he set bounds between their love, and me?
I am their mother, Who shall bar me from them?

Dutch. I am their father's mother, I will see them.

Anne. Their aunt am I in law, in love their mother;
Then bring me to their sights; I'll bear thy blame,
And take thy office from thee, on my peril.

Brak. No, madam, no, I may not leave it so;
I am bound by oath, and therefore pardon me.

[*Exit BRAKENBURY.*

Enter

Enter STANLEY.

Stan. Let me but meet you, ladies, one hour hence,
And I'll salute your grace of York as mother, 31
And reverend looker-on, of two fair queens.—
Come, madam, you must straight to Westminster,

[*To the Dutchess of GLOSTER.*

There to be crowned Richard's royal queen.

Queen. Ah, cut my lace asunder!

That my pent heart may have some scope to beat,
Or else I swoon with this dead-killing news.

Anne. Despightful tidings! O unpleasing news!

Dors. Be of good cheer:—Mother, how fares your
grace?

Queen. O Dorset, speak not to me, get thee gone,
Death and destruction dog thee at the heels; 41
Thy mother's name is ominous to children:
If thou wilt out-strip death, go cross the seas,
And live with Richmond, from the reach of hell.
Go, hie thee, hie thee from this slaughter-house,
Lest thou increase the number of the dead;
And make me die the thrall of Margaret's curse—
Nor mother, wife, nor England's counted queen.

Stan. Full of wise care is this your counsel, ma-
dam:—

Take all the swift advantage of the hours; 50
You shall have letters from me to my son
In your behalf, to meet you on the way:
Be not ta'en tardy by unwise delay.

Dutch. O ill-dispersing wind of misery!—

O my

O my accursed womb, the bed of death ;
A cockatrice hast thou hatch'd to the world,
Whose unavoided eye is murderous !

Stan. Come, madam, come ; I in all haste was
sent.

Anne. And I with all unwillingness will go. —
O, would to God, that the inclusive verge 60
Of golden metal, that must round my brow,
Were red-hot steel, to sear me to the brain !
Anointed let me be with deadly venom ;
And die, ere men can say—God save the queen !

Queen. Go, go, poor soul, I envy not thy glory ;
To feed my humour, wish thyself no harm.

Anne. No ! why ?—When he, that is my husband
now,
Came to me, as I follow'd Henry's corse ;
When scarce the blood was well wash'd from his
hands,

Which issu'd from my other angel husband, 70
And that dead saint which then I weeping follow'd ;
O, when, I say, I look'd on Richard's face,
This was my wish—*Be thou, quoth I, accurs'd,*
For making me, so young, so old a widow !
And, when thou wed'st, let sorrow haunt thy bed ;
And be thy wife (if any be so mad)

More miserable by the life of thee,
Than thou hast made me by my dear lord's death !
Lo, ere I can repeat this curse again,
Even in so short a space, my woman's heart 80
Grossly grew captive to his honey words,

And

And prov'd the subject of mine own soul's curse :
Which ever since hath held mine eyes from rest ;
For never yet one hour in his bed
Did I enjoy the golden dew of sleep,
But with his timorous dreams was still awak'd.
Besides, he hates me for my father Warwick ;
And will, no doubt, shortly be rid of me.

Queen. Poor heart, adieu ; I pity thy complaining.

Anne. No more than with my soul I mourn for your's.

Dors. Farewel, thou woful welcomer of glory ! 91

Anne. Adieu, poor soul, that tak'st thy leave of it !

Dutch. Go thou to Richmond, and good fortune
guide thee !— [To DORSET.

Go thou to Richard, and good angels tend thee !—

[To ANNE.

Go thou to sanctuary, and good thoughts possess
thee ! [To the Queen.

I to my grave, where peace and rest lie with me !

Eighty odd years of sorrow have I seen,

And each hour's joy wreck'd with a week of teen.

Queen. Stay yet ; look back, with me, unto the
Tower.—

Pity, you ancient stones, those tender babes, 100

Whom envy hath immur'd within your walls !

Rough cradle for such little pretty ones !

Rude ragged nurse ! old sullen play-fellow

For tender princes, use my babies well !

So foolish sorrow bids your stones farewel. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

The Court. Flourish of Trumpets. Enter RICHARD, as King, BUCKINGHAM, CATESBY, a Page, and others.

K. Rich. Stand all apart.—Cousin of Buckingham—

Buck. My gracious sovereign.

K. Rich. Give me thy hand. Thus high, by thy advice,

And thy assistance, is king Richard seated :—

But shall we wear these glories for a day ? 110

Or shall they last, and we rejoice in them ?

Buck. Still live they, and for ever let them last !

K. Rich. Ah, Buckingham, now do I play the touch,

To try if thou be current gold, indeed :—

Young Edward lives ;—Think now what I would speak.

Buck. Say on, my loving lord.

K. Rich. Why, Buckingham, I say, I would be king.

Buck. Why, so you are, my thrice-renowned liege.

K. Rich. Ha ! am I king ? 'Tis so : but Edward lives.

Buck. True, noble prince. 120

K. Rich. O bitter consequence,

That Edward still should live—true ! noble prince !—

Cousin, thou wast not wont to be so dull :—

K

Shall

Shall I be plain? I wish the bastards dead;
And I would have it suddenly perform'd.
What say'st thou now? Speak suddenly, be brief.

Buck. Your grace may do your pleasure.

K. Rich. Tut, tut, thou art all ice, thy kindness
freezes:

Say, have I thy consent, that they shall die?

Buck. Give me some breath, some little pause, dear
lord, 130

Before I positively speak in this:

I will resolve your grace immediately.

[Exit BUCKINGHAM.]

Cates. The king is angry; see, he gnaws his lip.

K. Rich. I will converse with iron-witted fools,
And unrespective boys; none are for me,
That look into me with considerate eyes:—
High-reaching Buckingham grows circumspect.—
Boy——

Page. My lord.

K. Rich. Know'st thou not any, whom corrupting
gold 140

Would tempt unto a close exploit of death?

Page. I know a discontented gentleman,
Whose humble means match not his haughty mind:
Gold were as good as twenty orators,
And will, no doubt, tempt him to any thing.

K. Rich. What is his name?

Page. His name, my lord, is—Tyrrel.

K. Rich. I partly know the man; Go, call him hi-
ther, boy. [Exit Boy.]

The

The deep-revolving witty Buckingham
 No more shall be the neighbour to my counsels: 150
 Hath he so long held out with me untir'd,
 And stops he now for breath?—well, be it so.—

Enter STANLEY.

How now, lord Stanley? what's the news?

Stan. Know, my loving lord,
 The marquis Dorset, as I hear, is fled
 To Richmond, in the parts where he abides.

K. Rich. Come hither, Catesby: rumour it abroad,
 That Anne my wife is very grievous sick:
 I will take order for her keeping close.

Inquire me out some mean-born gentleman, 160
 Whom I will marry straight to Clarence' daughter:—
 The boy is foolish, and I fear not him.—

Look, how thou dream'st!—I say again, give out,
 That Anne my queen is sick, and like to die:
 About it; for it stands me much upon,
 To stop all hopes, whose growth may damage me.—

[Exit CATESBY.]

I must be marry'd to my brother's daughter,
 Or else my kingdom stands on brittle glass:—
 Murder her brothers, and then marry her!
 Uncertain way of gain! But I am in 170
 So far in blood, that sin will pluck on sin.
 Tear-falling pity dwells not in this eye.—

Enter TYRREL.

Is thy name—Tyrrel?

Kij

Tyr.

Tyr. James Tyrrel, and your most obedient subject.

K. Rich. Art thou, indeed?

Tyr. Prove me, my gracious lord.

K. Rich. Dar'st thou resolve to kill a friend of mine?

Tyr. Please you; but I had rather kill two enemies.

K. Rich. Why, then thou hast it; two deep enemies,

Foes to my rest, and my sweet sleep's disturbers, 180

Are they that I would have thee deal upon:

Tyrrel, I mean those bastards in the Tower.

Tyr. Let me have open means to come to them,
And soon I'll rid you from the fear of them.

K. Rich. Thou sing'st sweet musick. Hark, come
hither, Tyrrel;

Go, by this token:—Rise, and lend thine ear:

[*Whispers.*

There is no more but so:—Say, it is done,

And I will love thee, and prefer thee for it.

Tyr. I will dispatch it straight.

[*Exit.*

Re-enter BUCKINGHAM.

Buck. My lord, I have consider'd in my mind 190
That late demand that you did sound me in.

K. Rich. Well, let that rest. Dorset is fled to
Richmond.

Buck. I hear the news, my lord.

K. Rich. Stanley, he is your wife's son:—Well,
look to it.

Buck.

Buck. My lord, I claim the gift, my due by promise,

For which your honour and your faith is pawn'd ;
The earldom of Hereford, and the moveables,
Which you have promised I shall possess.

K. Rich. Stanley, look to your wife ; if she convey
Letters to Richmond, you shall answer it. 200

Buck. What says your highness to my just request ?

K. Rich. I do remember me—Henry the sixth
Did prophesy, that Richmond should be king,
When Richmond was a little peevish boy.

A king !—perhaps—

Buck. My lord—

K. Rich. How chance, the prophet could not at
that time.

Have told me, I being by, that I should kill him ?

Buck. My lord, your promise for the earldom—

K. Rich. Richmond !—When last I was at Exeter,
The mayor in courtesy shew'd me the castle, 211
And call'd it — Rouge-mont : at which name, I
started ;

Because a bard of Ireland told me once,
I should not live long after I saw Richmond.

Buck. My lord—

K. Rich. Ay, what's o'clock ?

Buck. I am thus bold to put your grace in mind
Of what you promis'd me.

K. Rich. Well, but what's o'clock ?

Buck. Upon the stroke of ten. 220

K. Rich. Well, let it strike.

K i i j

Buck.

Buck. Why let it strike?

K. Rich. Because that, like a Jack, thou keep'st
the stroke

Betwixt thy begging and my meditation.

I am not in the giving vein to-day.

Buck. Why, then resolve me whe'r you will, or no.

K. Rich. Thou troublest me; I am not in the vein.

[*Exit.*

Buck. Is it even so? repays he my deep service

With such contempt? made I him king for this?

O, let me think on Hastings; and be gone 230

To Brecknock, while my fearful head is on. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Enter TYRREL.

Tyr. The tyrannous and bloody act is done;
The most arch deed of piteous massacre,
That ever yet this land was guilty of.

Dighton, and Forrest, whom I did suborn

To do this piece of ruthless butchery,

Albeit they were flesh'd villains, bloody dogs,

Melting with tenderness and mild compassion,

Wept like two children, in their deaths' sad story.

O thus, quoth Dighton, lay the gentle babes— 240

Thus, thus, quoth Forrest, girdling one another

Within their alabaster innocent arms:

Their lips were four red roses on a stalk,

Which,

Which, in their summer beauty, kiss'd each other.
 A book of prayers on their pillow lay ;
 Which once, quoth Forrest, almost chang'd my mind :
 But, O, the devil—there the villain stopp'd ;
 When Dighton thus told on—we smothered
 The most replenished sweet work of nature,
 That, from the prime creation, e'er she fram'd— 250
 Hence both are gone with conscience and remorse,
 They could not speak ; and so I left them both,
 To bear these tidings to the bloody king.

Enter King RICHARD.

And here he comes :—All health, my sovereign lord !

K. Rich. Kind Tyrrel ! am I happy in thy news ?

Tyr. If to have done the thing you gave in charge
 Beget your happiness, be happy then,
 For it is done.

K. Rich. But didst thou see them dead ?

Tyr. I did, my lord. 260

K. Rich. And buried, gentle Tyrrel ?

Tyr. The chaplain of the Tower hath buried them ;
 But where, to say the truth, I do not know.

K. Rich. Come to me, Tyrrel, soon at after supper,
 When thou shalt tell the process of their death.
 Mean time, but think how I may do thee good,
 And be inheritor of thy desire.
 Farewel, 'till then.

Tyr. I humbly take my leave. [Exit.

K. Rich. The son of Clarence have I pen'd up
 close ; 270

His

His daughter meanly have I match'd in marriage;
The sons of Edward sleep in Abraham's bosom,
And Anne my wife hath bid the world good night.
Now, for I know the Bretagne Richmond aims
At young Elizabeth, my brother's daughter,
And, by that knot, looks proudly on the crown,
To her go I, a jolly thriving wooer.

Enter CATESBY.

Cates. My lord—

K. Rich. Good news or bad, that thou com'st in so
bluntly?

Cates. Bad news, my lord: Morton is fled to Rich-
mond; 280

And Buckingham, back'd with the hardy Welshmen,
Is in the field, and still his power increaseth.

K. Rich. Ely with Richmond troubles me more
near,

Than Buckingham and his rash-levied strength.
Come—I have learn'd, that fearful commenting
Is leaden servitor to dull delay;

Delay leads impotent and snail-pac'd beggary:

Then fiery expedition be my wing,

Jove's Mercury, and herald for a king!

Go, muster men: My counsel is my shield; 290

We must be brief, when traitors brave the field.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Enter Queen MARGARET.

Q. Mar. So, now prosperity begins to mellow,
And drop into the rotten mouth of death.
Here in these confines silyly have I lurk'd,
To watch the waining of mine enemies.
A dire induction am I witness to,
And will to France; hoping, the consequence
Will prove as bitter, black, and tragical.
Withdraw thee, wretched Margaret! who comes
here?

Enter the Queen, and the Dutchess of YORK.

Queen. Ah, my poor princes! ah, my tender babes!
My unblown flowers, new-appearing sweets! 301
If yet your gentle souls fly in the air,
And be not fix'd in doom perpetual,
Hover about me with your airy wings,
And hear your mother's lamentation!

Q. Mar. Hover about her; say, that right for right
Hath dimm'd your infant morn to aged night.

Dutch. So many miseries have craz'd my voice,
That my woe-wearied tongue is still and mute.—
Edward Plantagenet, why art thou dead? 310

Q. Mar. Plantagenet doth quit Plantagenet,
Edward for Edward pays a dying debt.

Queen. Wilt thou, O God! fly from such gentle
lambs,

And

And throw them in the entrails of the wolf?

Why didst thou sleep, when such a deed was done?

Q. Mar. When holy Henry dy'd, and my sweet son?

Dutch. Dead life, blind sight, poor mortal living
ghost,

Woe's scene, world's shame, grave's due by life
usurp'd,

Brief abstract and record of tedious days,

Rest thy unrest on England's lawful earth, 320
[Sitting down.

Unlawfully made drunk with innocent blood!

Queen. Ah, that thou wouldst as soon afford a grave,
As thou canst yield a melancholy seat;

Then would I hide my bones, not rest them here!

Ah, who hath any cause to mourn, but we?

[Sitting down by her.

Q. Mar. If ancient sorrow be most reverent,

Give mine the benefit of signiory,

And let my griefs frown on the upper hand.

[Sitting down with them.

If sorrow can admit society,

Tell o'er your woes again by viewing mine:— 330

I had an Edward, 'till a Richard kill'd him;

I had a husband, 'till a Richard kill'd him:

Thou hadst an Edward, 'till a Richard kill'd him;

Thou had'st a Richard, 'till a Richard kill'd him.

Dutch. I had a Richard too, and thou did'st kill
him;

I had a Rutland too, thou help'st to kill him.

Q. Mar.

Q. Mar. Thou had'st a Clarence too, and Richard
kill'd him.

From forth the kennel of thy womb hath crept
A hell-hound, that doth hunt us all to death :
The dog that had his teeth before his eyes, 340
To worry lambs, and lap their gentle blood ;
That foul defacer of God's handy-work ;
That excellent grand tyrant of the earth,
That reigns in galled eyes of weeping souls,
Thy womb let loose, to chase us to our graves.—
O upright, just, and true-disposing God,
How do I thank thee, that this carnal cur
Preys on the issue of his mother's body,
And makes her pue-fellow with others' moan !

Dutch. O, Harry's wife, triumph not in my woes ;
God witness with me, I have wept for thine. 351

Q. Mar. Bear with me ; I am hungry for revenge,
And now I cloy me with beholding it.

Thy Edward he is dead, that kill'd my Edward ;
Thy other Edward dead, to quit my Edward ;
Young York he is but boot, because both they
Match not the high perfection of my loss.

Thy Clarence he is dead, that stabb'd my Edward ;
And the beholders of this tragic play,
The adulterate Hastings, Rivers, Vaughan, Grey,
Untimely smother'd in their dusky graves. 361

Richard yet lives, hell's black intelligencer ;
Only reserv'd their factor, to buy souls,
And send them thither : But at hand, at hand,
Ensues his piteous and unpitied end ;

Earth

Earth gapes, hell burns, fiends roar, saints pray,
To have him suddenly convey'd from hence:—
Cancel his bond of life, dear God, I pray,
That I may live to say, The dog is dead!

Queen. O, thou didst prophesy, the time would
come, 370

That I should wish for thee to help me curse
That bottled spider, that foul bunch-back'd toad.

Q. Mar. I call'd thee then, vain flourish of my
fortune;

I call'd thee then, poor shadow, painted queen;

The presentation of but what I was,

The flattering index of a direful pageant,

One heav'd a high, to be hurl'd down below:

A mother only mock'd with two fair babes;

A dream of what thou wast; a garish flag,

To be the aim of every dangerous shot; 380

A sign of dignity, a breath, a bubble;

A queen in jest, only to fill the scene.

Where is thy husband now? where be thy brothers?

Where be thy two sons? wherein dost thou joy?

Who sues, and kneels, and says — God save the
queen?

Where be the bending peers that flatter'd thee?

Where be the thronging troops that follow'd thee?

Decline all this, and see what now thou art.

For happy wife, a most distressed widow;

For joyful mother, one that wails the name; 390

For one being su'd to, one that humbly sues;

For queen, a very caitiff crown'd with care:

For

For one that scorn'd at me, now scorn'd of me ;
 For one being fear'd of all, now fearing one ;
 For one commanding all, obey'd of none.
 Thus hath the course of justice wheel'd about,
 And left thee but a very prey to time ;
 Having no more but thought of what thou wert,
 To torture thee the more, being what thou art.
 Thou didst usurp my place, And dost thou not 400
 Usurp the just proportion of my sorrow ?
 Now thy proud neck bears half my burden'd yoke ;
 From which even here I slip my wearied head,
 And leave the burden of it all on thee.
 Farewel, York's wife—and queen of sad mischance—
 These English woes shall make me smile in France.

Queen. O thou well skill'd in curses ! stay a while,
 And teach me how to curse mine enemies.

Q. Mar. Forbear to sleep the night, and fast the
 day ;
 Compare dead happiness with living woe ; 410
 Think that thy babes were fairer than they were,
 And he, that slew them, fouler than he is :
 Bettering thy loss makes the bad causer worse ;
 Revolving this will teach thee how to curse.

Queen. My words are dull, O, quicken them with
 thine !

Q. Mar. Thy woes will make them sharp, and
 pierce like mine. [Exit MARGARET.

Dutch. Why should calamity be full of words ?

Queen. Windy attornies to their client woes,
 Airy succeders of intestate joys,

Poor breathing orators of miseries! 420

Let them have scope: though what they do impart

Help nothing else, yet they do ease the heart.

Dutch. If so, then be not tongue-ty'd: go with me,
And in the breath of bitter words let's smother
My damned son, that thy two sweet sons smother'd.

[*Drum, within.*

I hear his drum—be copious in exclaims.

Enter King RICHARD, and his Train, marching.

K. Rich. Who intercepts me in my expedition?

Dutch. O, she, that might have intercepted thee,
By strangling thee in her accursed womb, 429
From all the slaughters, wretch, that thou hast done.

Queen. Hid'st thou that forehead with a golden
crown,

Where should be branded, if that right were right,
The slaughter of the prince that ow'd that crown,
And the dire death of my poor sons, and brothers?
Tell me, thou villain-slave, where are my children?

Dutch. Thou toad, thou toad, where is thy brother
Clarence?

And little Ned Plantagenet, his son?

Queen. Where is the gentle Rivers, Vaughan, Grey?

Dutch. Where is kind Hastings?

K. Rich. A flourish, trumpets!—strike alarum,
drums! 440

Let not the heavens hear these tell-tale women

Rail on the Lord's anointed: Strike, I say.—

[*Flourish. Alarums.*

Either

Either be patient, and entreat me fair,
Or with the clamorous report of war
Thus will I drown your exclamations.

Dutch. Art thou my son?

K. Rich. Ay; I thank God, my father, and your-
self.

Dutch. Then patiently hear my impatience.

K. Rich. Madam, I have a touch of your condition,
That cannot brook the accent of reproof. 450

Dutch. O, let me speak.

K. Rich. Do, then; but I'll not hear.

Dutch. I will be mild and gentle in my words.

K. Rich. And brief, good mother; for I am in
haste.

Dutch. Art thou so hasty? I have staid for thee,
God knows, in torment and in agony.

K. Rich. And came I not at last to comfort you?

Dutch. No, by the holy rood, thou know'st it well,
Thou cam'st on earth to make the earth my hell.
A grievous burden was thy birth to me; 460
Tetchy and wayward was thy infancy;
Thy school-days, frightful, desperate, wild, and fu-
rious,

Thy prime of manhood, daring, bold, and venturous;
Thy age confirm'd, proud, subtle, sly, and bloody,
More mild, but yet more harmful, kind in hatred:
What comfortable hour canst thou name,
That ever grac'd me in thy company?

K. Rich. Faith, none but Humphry Houre, that
call'd your grace
To breakfast once, forth of my company.

If I be so disgracious in your sight, 470
Let me march on, and not offend you, madam.—
Strike up the drum.

Dutch. I pry'thee, hear me speak.

K. Rich. You speak too bitterly.

Dutch. Hear me a word ;

For I shall never speak to thee again.

K. Rich. So.

Dutch. Either thou wilt die, by God's just ordinance,
Ere from this war thou turn a conqueror ;
Or I with grief and extreme age shall perish, 480
And never look upon thy face again.
Therefore, take with thee my most heavy curse ;
Which, in the day of battle, tire thee more,
Than all the complete armour that thou wear'st !
My prayers on the adverse party fight ;
And there the little souls of Edward's children
Whisper the spirits of thine enemies,
And promise them success and victory !
Bloody thou art, bloody will be thy end ;
Shame serves thy life, and doth thy death attend. 490

[*Exit.*

Queen. Though far more cause, yet much less spirit to curse

Abides in me ; I say amen to her. [*Going.*

K. Rich. Stay, madam, I must speak a word with you.

Queen. I have no more sons of the royal blood
For thee to murder : for my daughters, Richard—
They shall be praying nuns, not weeping queens ;
And

And therefore level not to hit their lives.

K. Rich. You have a daughter call'd—Elizabeth,
Virtuous and fair, royal and gracious. 499

Queen. And must she die for this? O, let her live,
And I'll corrupt her manners, stain her beauty!
Slander myself, as false to Edward's bed;
Throw over her the veil of infamy:
So she may live unscarr'd of bleeding slaughter,
I will confess she was not Edward's daughter.

K. Rich. Wrong not her birth, she is of royal
blood.

Queen. To save her life, I'll say—she is not so.

K. Rich. Her life is safest only in her birth.

Queen. And only in that safety dy'd her brothers.

K. Rich. Lo, at their births good stars were op-
posite. 510

Queen. No, to their lives bad friends were contrary.

K. Rich. All unavoided is the doom of destiny.

Queen. True, when avoided grace makes destiny:
My babes were destin'd to a fairer death,
If grace had bless'd thee with a fairer life.

K. Rich. You speak, as if that I had slain my
cousins.

Queen. Cousins, indeed; and by their uncle cozen'd
Of comfort, kingdom, kindred, freedom, life.
Whose hands soever lanc'd their tender hearts,
Thy head, all indirectly, gave direction: 520
No doubt the murderous knife was dull and blunt,
'Till it was whetted on thy stone-hard heart,
To revel in the entrails of my lambs.

But that still use of grief makes wild grief tame,
My tongue should to thy ears not name my boys,
'Till that my nails were anchor'd in thine eyes ;
And I, in such a desperate bay of death,
Like a poor bark, of sails and tackling reft,
Rush all to pieces on thy rocky bosom.

K. Rich. Madam, so thrive I in my enterprize, 530
And dangerous success of bloody wars,
As I intend more good to you and your's,
Than ever you or your's by me were harm'd !

Queen. What good is cover'd with the face of heaven,
To be discover'd, that can do me good ?

K. Rich. The advancement of your children, gentle lady.

Queen. Up to some scaffold, there to lose their heads.

K. Rich. No, to the dignity and height of fortune,
The high imperial type of this earth's glory.

Queen. Flatter my sorrows with report of it ; 540
Tell me, what state, what dignity, what honour,
Canst thou demise to any child of mine ?

K. Rich. Even all I have ; ay, and myself and all,
Will I withal endow a child of thine ;
So in the Lethe of thy angry soul
Thou drown the sad remembrance of those wrongs,
Which, thou supposest, I have done to thee.

Queen. Be brief, lest that the process of thy kindness
Last longer telling than thy kindness' date.

K. Rich.

K. Rich. Then know, that, from my soul, I love
thy daughter. 550

Queen. My daughter's mother thinks it with her soul.

K. Rich. What do you think?

Queen. That thou dost love my daughter, from thy
soul :

So, from thy soul's love, didst thou love her brothers ;
And, from my heart's love, I do thank thee for it.

K. Rich. Be not so hasty to confound my meaning :
I mean, that with my soul I love thy daughter,
And do intend to make her queen of England.

Queen. Well then, who dost thou mean shall be her
king ?

K. Rich. Even he, that makes her queen ; Who
else should be ? 560

Queen. What, thou ?

K. Rich. I, even I : What think you of it, madam ?

Queen. How canst thou woo her ?

K. Rich. That I would learn of you,
As one being best acquainted with her humour.

Queen. And wilt thou learn of me ?

K. Rich. Madam, with all my heart.

Queen. Send to her, by the man that slew her bro-
thers,

A pair of bleeding hearts ; thereon engrave, 569
Edward, and York ; then, haply, will she weep :
Therefore present to her—as sometime Margaret
Did to thy father, steep'd in Rutland's blood—
A handkerchief ; which, say to her, did drain
The purple sap from her sweet brothers' bodies,

And

And bid her wipe her weeping eyes withal.
If this inducement move her not to love,
Send her a letter of thy noble deeds ;
Tell her, thou mad'st away her uncle Clarence,
Her uncle Rivers ; ay, and, for her sake, 579
Mad'st quick conveyance with her good aunt Anne.

K. Rich. You mock me, madam ; this is not the way
To win your daughter.

Queen. There is no other way ;
Unless thou could'st put on some other shape,
And not be Richard that hath done all this.

K. Rich. Say, that I did all this for love of her ?

Queen. Nay, then indeed, she cannot choose but hate
thee,

Having bought love with such a bloody spoil.

K. Rich. Look, what is done, cannot be now
amended :

Men shall deal unadvisedly sometimes, 590

Which after-hours give leisure to repent.

If I did take the kingdom from your sons,

To make amends, I'll give it to your daughter.

If I have kill'd the issue of your womb,

To quicken your increase, I will beget

Mine issue of your blood upon your daughter.

A grandam's name is little less in love,

Than is the doting title of a mother ;

They are as children, but one step below,

Even of your mettle, of your very blood ; 600

Of all one pain—save for a night of groans

Endur'd of her, for whom you bid like sorrow.

Your

Your children were vexation to your youth,
 But mine shall be a comfort to your age.
 The loss, you have, is but—a son being king,
 And, by that loss, your daughter is made queen.
 I cannot make you what amends I would,
 Therefore accept such kindness as I can.
 Dorset your son, that, with a fearful soul,
 Leads discontented steps in foreign soil, 610
 This fair alliance quickly shall call home
 To high promotions and great dignity.
 The king, that calls your beauteous daughter—wife,
 Familiarly shall call thy Dorset—brother;
 Again shall you be mother to a king,
 And all the ruins of distressful times
 Repair'd with double riches of content.
 What! we have many goodly days to see:
 The liquid drops of tears that you have shed,
 Shall come again, transform'd to orient pearl; 620
 Advantaging their loan, with interest
 Of ten times double gain of happiness.
 Go then, my mother, to thy daughter go;
 Make bold her bashful years with your experience;
 Prepare her ears to hear a wooer's tale;
 Put in her tender heart the aspiring flame
 Of golden sov'reignty; acquaint the princess
 With the sweet silent hours of marriage joys:
 And when this arm of mine hath chastised
 The petty rebel, dull-brain'd Buckingham, 630
 Bound with triumphant garlands will I come,
 And lead thy daughter to a conqueror's bed;

To

To whom I will retail my conquest won,
And she shall be sole victress, Cæsar's Cæsar.

Queen. What were I best to say? her father's brother
Would be her lord? Or shall I say, her uncle?
Or, he that slew her brothers, and her uncles?
Under what title shall I woo for thee,
That God, the law, my honour, and her love,
Can make seem pleasing to her tender years? 640

K. Rich. Infer fair England's peace by this alliance.

Queen. Which she shall purchase with still lasting
war.

K. Rich. Tell her, the king, that may command,
entreats.

Queen. That at her hands, which the king's King
forbids.

K. Rich. Say, she shall be a high and mighty
queen.

Queen. To wail the title, as her mother doth.

K. Rich. Say, I will love her everlastingly.

Queen. But how long shall that title, ever, last?

K. Rich. Sweetly in force unto her fair life's end.

Queen. But how long fairly shall her sweet life last?

K. Rich. As long as heaven, and nature, lengthens it.

Queen. As long as hell, and Richard, likes of it.

K. Rich. Say, I, her sov'reign, am her subject
low. 653

Queen. But she, your subject, loaths such sov'reignty.

K. Rich. Be eloquent in my behalf to her.

Queen. An honest tale speeds best, being plainly
told.

K. Rich.

K. Rich. Then, in plain terms tell her my loving tale.

Queen. Plain, and not honest, is too harsh a style.

K. Rich. Your reasons are too shallow and too quick. 659

Queen. O, no, my reasons are too deep and dead;—
Two deep and dead, poor infants, in their graves.

K. Rich. Harp not on that string, madam; that is past.

Queen. Harp on it still shall I, till heart-strings break.

K. Rich. Now, by my george, my garter, and my crown—

Queen. Profan'd, dishonour'd, and the third usurp'd.

K. Rich. I swear.

Queen. By nothing; for this is no oath.

The george, profan'd, hath lost his holy honour;
The garter, blemish'd, pawn'd his knightly virtue;
The crown, usurp'd, disgrac'd his kingly glory: 670
If something thou wouldst swear to be believ'd,
Swear then by something that thou hast not wrong'd.

K. Rich. Now by the world—

Queen. 'Tis full of thy foul wrongs.

K. Rich. My father's death—

Queen. Thy life hath that dishonour'd.

K. Rich. Then, by myself—

Queen. Thyself is self-mis-us'd.

K. Rich. Why then, by heaven—

Queen. Heaven's wrong is most of all. 680

If thou didst fear to break an oath with heaven,

The

The unity, the king my husband made,
Had not been broken, nor my brother slain.
If thou hadst fear'd to break an oath by him,
The imperial metal, circling now thy head,
Had grac'd the tender temples of my child;
And both the princes had been breathing here,
Which now, two tender bed-fellows for dust,
Thy broken faith hath made a prey for worms.
What can'st thou swear by now? 690

K. Rich. By time to come.

Queen. That thou hast wronged in the time o'er-
past;
For I myself have many tears to wash
Hereafter time, for time past, wrong'd by thee.
The children live, whose parents thou hast slaughter'd,
Ungovern'd youth, to wail it in their age:
The parents live, whose children thou hast butcher'd,
Old barren plants, to wail it with their age:
Swear not by time to come; for that thou hast
Mis-us'd ere us'd, by times ill-us'd o'er-past. 700

K. Rich. As I intend to prosper, and repent!
So thrive I in my dangerous attempt
Of hostile arms! myself myself confound!
Heaven, and fortune, bar me happy hours!
Day, yield me not thy light; nor, night, thy rest!
Be opposite all planets of good luck
To my proceeding, if, with pure heart's love,
Immaculate devotion, holy thoughts,
I tender not thy beauteous princely daughter!
In her consists my happiness, and thine; 710

Without

Without her, follows to myself, and thee,
 Herself, the land, and many a christian soul,
 Death, desolation, ruin, and decay :
 It cannot be avoided, but by this ;
 It will not be avoided, but by this.
 Therefore, dear mother (I must call you so)
 Be the attorney of my love to her:
 Plead what I will be, not what I have been ;
 Not my deserts, but what I will deserve ;
 Urge the necessity and state of times,
 And be not peevish found in great designs.

720

Queen. Shall I be tempted of the devil thus ?

K. Rich. Ay, if the devil tempt thee to do good.

Queen. Shall I forget myself, to be myself ?

K. Rich. Ay, if your self's remembrance wrong
 yourself.

Queen. But thou didst kill my children.

K. Rich. But in your daughter's womb I bury them :
 Where, in that nest of spicery, they shall breed
 Selves of themselves, to your recomforture.

729

Queen. Shall I go win my daughter to thy will ?

K. Rich. And be a happy mother by the deed.

Queen. I go.—Write to me very shortly,
 And you shall understand from me her mind.

K. Rich. Bear her my true love's kiss, and so fare-
 wel.

[*Kissing her. Exit Queen.*]

Relenting fool, and shallow, changing—woman !
 How now ? what news ?

Enter RATCLIFF, and CATESBY.

Rat. Most mighty sovereign, on the western coast
Rideth a puissant navy ; to the shore
Throng many doubtful hollow-hearted friends,
Unarm'd, and unresolv'd to beat them back : 740
'Tis thought, that Richmond is their admiral ;
And there they hull, expecting but the aid
Of Buckingham, to welcome them ashore.

K. Rich. Some light-foot friend post to the duke
of Norfolk ;—

Ratcliff, thyself—or Catesby ; where is he ?

Cates. Here, my good lord.

K. Rich. Catesby, fly to the duke.

Cates. I will, my lord, with all convenient haste.

K. Rich. Ratcliff, come hither : Post to Salisbury ;
When thou com'st thither—Dull unmindful villain,
[*To CATESBY.*

Why stay'st thou here, and go'st not to the duke ?

Cates. First, mighty liege, tell me your highness'
pleasure, 752

What from your grace I shall deliver to him.

K. Rich. O, true, good Catesby ;—Bid him levy
straight

The greatest strength and power he can make,
And meet me suddenly at Salisbury.

Cates. I go.

[*Exit.*

Rat. What, may it please you, shall I do at Salis-
bury ?

K. Rich. Why, what wouldst thou do there, before
I go?

Rat. Your highness told me, I should post before.

Enter Lord STANLEY.

K. Rich. My mind is chang'd.—Stanley, what news
with you? 761

Stan. None good, my liege, to please you with the
hearing;

Nor none so bad, but well may be reported.

K. Rich. Heyday, a riddle! neither good, nor bad!
What need'st thou run so many miles about,
When thou may'st tell thy tale the nearest way?
Once more, what news?

Stan. Richmond is on the seas.

K. Rich. There let him sink, and be the seas on
him!

White-liver'd runagate, what doth he there? 770

Stan. I know not, mighty sovereign, but by guess.

K. Rich. Well, as you guess?

Stan. Stirr'd up by Dorset, Buckingham, and
Morton,

He makes for England, here to claim the crown.

K. Rich. Is the chair empty? is the sword unsway'd?
Is the king dead? the empire unpossess'd?
What heir of York is there alive, but we?
And who is England's king, but great York's heir?
Then, tell me, what makes he upon the seas? 779

Stan. Unless for that, my liege, I cannot guess.

M ij

K. Rich.

K. Rich. Unless for that he comes to be your liege,
You cannot guess wherefore the Welchman comes.
Thou wilt revolt, and fly to him, I fear.

Stan. No, mighty liege; therefore mistrust me not.

K. Rich. Where is thy power then, to beat him
back?

Where be thy tenants, and thy followers?
Are they not now upon the western shore,
Safe-conducting the rebels from their ships?

Stan. No, my good lord, my friends are in the
north.

K. Rich. Cold friends to me: What do they in the
north, 790

When they should serve their sovereign in the west?

Stan. They have not been commanded, mighty
king:

Pleaseth your majesty to give me leave,
I'll muster up my friends; and meet your grace,
Where, and what time, your majesty shall please.

K. Rich. Ay, ay, thou wouldst be gone to join with
Richmond:

But I'll not trust you, sir.

Stan. Most mighty sovereign,
You have no cause to hold my friendship doubtful;
I never was, nor never will be false. 800

K. Rich. Well go, muster thy men. But, hear you,
leave behind

Your son, George Stanley: look your heart be firm,
Or else his head's assurance is but frail.

Stan.

Stan. So deal with him, as I prove true to you.

[*Exit STANLEY.*]

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. My gracious sovereign, now in Devonshire,
As I by friends am well advertised,
Sir Edward Courtney, and the haughty prelate,
Bishop of Exeter, his elder brother,
With many more confederates, are in arms.

Enter another Messenger.

2 *Mes.* In Kent, my liege, the Guildfords are in
arms; 810

And every hour more competitors
Flock to the rebels, and their power grows strong.

Enter another Messenger.

3 *Mes.* My lord, the army of great Bucking-
ham—

K. Rich. Out on ye, owls! nothing but songs of
death? [He strikes him.]

There, take thou that, 'till thou bring better news.

3 *Mes.* The news I have to tell your majesty,
Is—that, by sudden floods and fall of waters,
Buckingham's army is dispers'd and scatter'd;
And he himself wander'd away alone,
No man knows whither. 820

K. Rich. Oh, I cry you mercy:

There is my purse, to cure that blow of thine.

Hath any well-advised friend proclaim'd

M i i j

Reward

Reward to him that brings the traitor in ?

3 *Mes.* Such proclamation hath been made, my liege.

Enter another Messenger.

4 *Mes.* Sir Thomas Lovel, and lord marquis Dorset, 'Tis said, my liege, in Yorkshire are in arms.

But this good comfort bring I to your highness—

The Bretagne navy is dispers'd by tempest:

Richmond, in Dorsetshire, sent out a boat 830

Unto the shore, to ask those on the banks,

If they were his assistants, yea, or no ;

Who answered him, they came from Buckingham

Upon his party : he, mistrusting them,

Hois'd sail, and made his course again for Bretagne.

K. Rich. March on, march on, since we are up in arms ;

If not to fight with foreign enemies,

Yet to beat down these rebels here at home.

Enter CATESBY.

Cates. My liege, the duke of Buckingham is taken,

That is the best news ; That the earl of Richmond

Is with a mighty power landed at Milford, 841

Is colder news, but yet it must be told.

K. Rich. Away towards Salisbury ; while we reason here,

A royal battle might be won and lost :—

Some one take order, Buckingham be brought

To Salisbury ;—the rest march on with me. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

*Lord STANLEY's House. Enter Lord STANLEY, and
Sir CHRISTOPHER URSWICK.*

Stan. Sir Christopher, tell Richmond this from
me:—

That, in the stye of this most bloody boar,
My son George Stanley is frank'd up in hold;
If I revolt, off goes young George's head; 850
The fear of that with-holds my present aid.
But tell me, where is princely Richmond now?

Chris. At Pembroke, or at Ha'rford-west, in Wales.

Stan. What men of name resort to him?

Chris. Sir Walter Herbert, a renowned soldier;
Sir Gilbert Talbot, and Sir William Stanley;
Oxford, redoubted Pembroke, Sir James Blunt,
And Rice ap Thomas, with a valiant crew;
And many other of great name and worth:
And towards London do they bend their course,
If by the way they be not fought withal. 861

Stan. Well, hie thee to thy lord, commend me
to him;

Tell him, the queen hath heartily consented

He shall espouse Elizabeth her daughter.

These letters will resolve him of my mind.

Farewel.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

Salisbury. Enter the Sheriff, with BUCKINGHAM, led
to Execution.

Buckingham.

WILL not king Richard let me speak with him ?

Sher. No, my good lord ; therefore be patient.

Buck. Hastings, and Edward's children, Rivers,
Grey,

Holy king Henry, and thy fair son Edward,
Vaughan, and all that have miscarried
By underhand corrupted foul injustice ;
If that your moody discontented souls
Do through the clouds behold this present hour,
Even for revenge mock my destruction !—

This is All-Souls' day, fellows, is it not ? 10

Sher. It is, my lord.

Buck. Why, then All-Souls' day is my body's
doomsday.

This is the day, which, in king Edward's time,
I wish'd might fall on me, when I was found
False to his children, or his wife's allies ;
This is the day, wherein I wish'd to fall
By the false faith of him whom most I trusted ;
This, this All-Souls' day to my fearful soul,
Is the determin'd respite of my wrongs.

That high All-seer whom I dally'd with, 20
Hath turn'd my feigned prayer on my head,

And

And given in earnest what I begg'd in jest.
 Thus doth he force the swords of wicked men
 To turn their own points on their masters' bosoms :
 Thus Margaret's curse falls heavy on my neck—
*When he, quoth she, shall split thy heart with sorrow,
 Remember Margaret was a prophetess.—*
 Come, sirs, convey me to the block of shame ;
 Wrong hath but wrong, and blame the due of blame.
 [Exeunt BUCKINGHAM, &c.]

SCENE II.

Tamworth, on the Borders of Leicestershire. A Camp.
Enter HENRY Earl of RICHMOND, Earl of OX-
FORD, Sir JAMES BLUNT, Sir WALTER HER-
BERT, and others, with Drum and Colours.

Richm. Fellows in arms, and my most loving
 friends, 30
 Bruis'd underneath the yoke of tyranny,
 Thus far into the bowels of the land
 Have we march'd on without impediment ;
 And here receive we from our father Stanley
 Lines of fair comfort and encouragement.
 The wretched, bloody, and usurping boar,
 That spoil'd your summer fields, and fruitful vines,
 Swills your warm blood like wash, and makes his
 trough
 In your embowell'd bosoms—this foul swine
 Lies

Lies now even in the centre of this isle, 40
Near to the town of Leicester, as we learn :
From Tamworth thither, is but one day's march.
In God's name, cheerly on, courageous friends,
To reap the harvest of perpetual peace
By this one bloody trial of sharp war.

Oxf. Every man's conscience is a thousand swords,
To fight against that bloody homicide.

Herb. I doubt not, but his friends will turn to us.

Blunt. He hath no friends, but who are friends for
fear ;

Which, in his dearest need, will fly from him. 50

Richm. All for our vantage. Then, in God's name,
march :

True hope is swift, and flies with swallow's wings ;
Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Bosworth-Field. Enter King RICHARD in Arms, with
the Duke of NORFOLK, Earl of SURREY, and
others.

K. Rich. Here pitch our tent, even here in Bos-
worth-Field.—

My lord of Surrey, why look you so sad ?

Sur. My heart is ten times lighter than my looks.

K. Rich. My lord of Norfolk—

Nor.

Nor. Here, most gracious liege.

K. Rich. Norfolk, we must have knocks; Ha!
must we not?

Nor. We must both give and take, my loving
lord. 60

K. Rich. Up with my tent: Here will I lie to-night;
But where, to-morrow?—Well, all's one for that.—
Who hath descry'd the number of the traitors?

Nor. Six or seven thousand is their utmost power.

K. Rich. Why, our battalia trebles that account:
Besides, the king's name is a tower of strength,
Which they upon the adverse faction want.—
Up with the tent.—Come, noble gentlemen,
Let us survey the vantage of the ground;—
Call for some men of sound direction:— 70
Let's want no discipline, make no delay;
For, lords, to-morrow is a busy day. [Exeunt.

*Enter on the other Side of the Field, RICHMOND, Sir
WILLIAM BRANDON, OXFORD, DORSET, &c.*

Richm. The weary sun hath made a golden set,
And, by the bright track of his fiery car,
Gives token of a goodly day to-morrow.—
Sir William Brandon, you shall bear my standard.—
Give me some ink and paper in my tent;—
I'll draw the form and model of our battle,
Limit each leader to his several charge,
And part in just proportion our small power. 80
My lord of Oxford—you, Sir William Brandon—
And you, Sir Walter Herbert, stay with me:—
The

The earl of Pembroke keeps his regiment;—
Good captain Blunt, bear my good night to him,
And by the second hour in the morning
Desire the earl to see me in my tent:—

Yet one thing more, good captain, do for me;
Where is lord Stanley quarter'd, do you know?

Blunt. Unless I have mista'en his colours much
(Which, well I am assur'd, I have not done) 90
His regiment lies half a mile at least
South from the mighty power of the king.

Richm. If without peril it be possible,
Sweet Blunt, make some good means to speak with
him,

And give him from me this most needful note.

Blunt. Upon my life, my lord, I'll undertake it;
And so, God give you quiet rest to-night!

Richm. Good night, good captain Blunt. Come,
gentlemen,

Let us consult upon to-morrow's business;

In to my tent, the air is raw and cold. 100

[*They withdraw into the Tent.*]

Enter, to his Tent, King RICHARD, RATCLIFF, NORFOLK, and CATESBY.

K. Rich. What is't o'clock?

Cates. It's supper-time, my lord;
It's nine o'clock.

K. Rich. I will not sup to-night.—

Give me some ink and paper.—

What, is my beaver easier than it was?—

And

And all my armour laid into my tent ?

Cates. It is, my liege ; and all things are in readiness.

K. Rich. Good Norfolk, hie thee to thy charge ;
Use careful watch, choose trusty centinels. 110

Nor. I go, my lord.

K. Rich. Stir with the lark to-morrow, gentle Norfolk.

Nor. I warrant you, my lord. [Exit.

K. Rich. Ratcliff—

Rat. My lord ?

K. Rich. Send out a pursuivant at arms
To Stanley's regiment ; bid him bring his power
Before sun-rising, lest his son George fall
Into the blind cave of eternal night.— 119
Fill me a bowl of wine :—Give me a watch :—

[To CATESBY.

Saddle white Surrey for the field to-morrow.—
Look that my staves be sound, and not too heavy.
Ratcliff—

Rat. My lord ?

K. Rich. Saw'st thou the melancholy lord Northumberland ?

Rat. Thomas the earl of Surrey, and himself,
Much about cock-shut time, from troop to troop,
Went through the army, cheering up the soldiers.

K. Rich. I am satisfy'd. Give me a bowl of wine :
I have not that alacrity of spirit, 120
Nor cheer of mind, that I was wont to have.—
So, set it down. Is ink and paper ready ?

Rat. It is, my lord.

K. Rich. Bid my guard watch, and leave me.
About the mid of night, come to my tent
And help to arm me, Ratcliff.—Leave me, I say.

[Exit RATCLIFF.]

*RICHMOND's Tent opens, and discovers him, and his
Officers, &c. Enter STANLEY.*

Stan. Fortune and victory sit on thy helm !

Richm. All comfort that the dark night can afford,
Be to thy person, noble father-in-law !
Tell me, how fares our loving mother ? 140

Stan. I, by attorney, bless thee from thy mother,
Who prays continually for Richmond's good :
So much for that.—The silent hours steal on,
And flaky darkness breaks within the east.
In brief, for so the season bids us be,
Prepare thy battle early in the morning ;
And put thy fortune to the arbitrement
Of bloody strokes, and mortal staring war.
I, as I may (that which I would, I cannot),
With best advantage will deceive the time, 150
And aid thee in this doubtful shock of arms :
But on thy side I may not be too forward,
Lest, being seen, thy tender brother George
Be executed in his father's sight.
Farewel : The leisure, and the fearful time
Cuts off the ceremonious vows of love,
And ample interchange of sweet discourse,
Which so long sundred friends should dwell upon ;
God

God give us leisure for these rites of love !

Once more, adieu :—Be valiant, and speed well ! 160

Richm. Good lords, conduct him to his regiment :

I'll strive, with troubled thoughts, to take a nap ;

Lest leaden slumber peize me down to-morrow,

When I should mount with wings of victory :

Once more, good night, kind lords and gentlemen.

[*Exeunt Lords, &c.*]

O Thou ! whose captain I account myself,

Look on my forces with a gracious eye ;

Put in their hands thy bruising irons of wrath,

That they may crush down with a heavy fall

The usurping helmets of our adversaries ! 170

Make us thy ministers of chastisement,

That we may praise thee in thy victory !

To thee I do commend my watchful soul,

Ere I let fall the windows of mine eyes ;

Sleeping, and waking, O defend me still ? [*Sleeps.*]

Enter the Ghost of Prince EDWARD, Son to HENRY the Sixth.

Ghost. Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow !

[*To K. RICH.*]

Think, how thou stab'dst me in the prime of youth

At Tewksbury ; Despair therefore, and die !—

Be cheerful, Richmond ; for the wronged souls

[*To RICHM.*]

Of butcher'd princes fight in thy behalf : 180

King Henry's issue, Richmond, comforts thee.

Enter the Ghost of HENRY the Sixth.

Ghost. When I was mortal, my anointed body
[To K. RICH.

By thee was punched full of deadly holes :
Think on the Tower, and me ; Despair, and die ;
Henry the sixth bids thee despair, and die !—
Virtuous and holy, be thou conqueror !

[To RICHM.

Harry, that prophesy'd thou shouldst be king,
Doth comfort thee in thy sleep ; Live, and flourish !

Enter the Ghost of CLARENCE.

Ghost. Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow !
[To K. RICH.

I, that was wash'd to death with fulsome wine, 190
Poor Clarence, by thy guile betray'd to death !
To-morrow in the battle think on me,
And fall thy edgeless sword ; Despair, and die !—
Thou offspring of the house of Lancaster,
[To RICHM.

The wronged heirs of York do pray for thee ;
Good angels guard thy battle ! Live, and flourish !

Enter the Ghosts of RIVERS, GREY, and VAUGHAN.

Riv. Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow,
[To K. RICH.

Rivers, that dy'd at Pomfret ! Despair, and die !

Grey. Think upon Grey, and let thy soul despair !
[To K. RICH.

Vaugh.

Vaugh. Think upon Vaughan; and, with guilty fear,
Let fall thy lance! Despair, and die!— 201

[*To K. RICH.*

All. Awake! and think, our wrongs in Richard's
bosom

Will conquer him;—awake, and win the day!

[*To RICHM.*

Enter the Ghost of Lord HASTINGS.

Ghost. Bloody and guilty, guiltily awake;

[*To K. RICH.*

And in a bloody battle end thy days!

Think on lord Hastings; and despair, and die!—

Quiet untroubled soul, awake, awake!

[*To RICHM.*

Arm, fight, and conquer, for fair England's sake!

Enter the Ghosts of the two young Princes.

Ghosts. Dream on thy cousins smother'd in the
Tower;

Let us be lead within thy bosom, Richard, 210

[*To K. RICH.*

And weigh thee down to ruin, shame, and death!

Thy nephews' souls bid thee despair, and die!—

Sleep, Richmond, sleep in peace, and wake in

joy;

[*To RICHM.*

Good angels guard thee from the boar's annoy!

Live, and beget a happy race of kings!

Edward's unhappy sons do bid thee flourish.

Enter the Ghost of Lady ANNE.

Ghost. Richard, thy wife, that wretched Anne thy
wife, [To K. RICH.

That never slept a quiet hour with thee,
Now fills thy sleep with perturbations :
To-morrow in the battle think on me, 220
And fall thy edgeless sword ; Despair, and die !—

Thou, quiet soul, sleep thou a quiet sleep ;
[To RICHM.

Dream of success and happy victory ;
Thy adversary's wife doth pray for thee.

Enter the Ghost of BUCKINGHAM.

Ghost. The first was I, that help'd thee to the
crown ; [To K. RICH.

The last was I, that felt thy tyranny :
O, in the battle think on Buckingham,
And die in terror of thy guiltiness !
Dream on, dream on, of bloody deeds and death ;
Fainting, despair ; despairing, yield thy breath !—

I dy'd for hope, ere I could lend thee aid : 231
[To RICHM.

But cheer thy heart, and be thou not dismay'd :
God, and good angels, fight on Richmond's side ;
And Richard falls in height of all his pride.

[The Ghosts vanish.

K. RICHARD starts out of his Dream.

K. Rich. Give me another horse——bind up my
wounds——

Have

Have mercy, Jesu!—Soft; I did but dream.—
 O coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me!—
 The lights burn blue.—Is it not dead midnight?
 Cold fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh.
 What do I fear? myself? there's none else by: 240
 Richard loves Richard; that is, I am I.
 Is there a murd'rer here? No;—Yes; I am:
 Then fly—What, from myself? Great reason: Why?
 Lest I revenge. What? Myself on myself?
 I love myself. Wherefore? for any good,
 That I myself have done unto myself?
 O, no: alas, I rather hate myself,
 For hateful deeds committed by myself.
 I am a villain: Yet, I lie, I am not.
 Fool, of thyself speak well:—Fool, do not flatter.
 My conscience hath a thousand several tongues, 251
 And every tongue brings in a several tale,
 And every tale condemns me for a villain.
 Perjury, perjury, in the highest degree;
 Murder, stern murder, in the dir'st degree;
 All several sins, all us'd in each degree,
 Throng to the bar, crying all—Guilty! guilty!
 I shall despair—There is no creature loves me;
 And, if I die, no soul shall pity me:—
 Nay, wherefore should they? since that I myself
 Find in myself no pity to myself. 261
 Methought, the souls of all that I had murder'd
 Came to my tent; and every one did threat
 To-morrow's vengeance on the head of Richard.

Enter

Enter RATCLIFF.

Rat. My lord——

K. Rich. Who's there ?

Rat. My lord, 'tis I : The early village cock
Hath twice done salutation to the morn ;
Your friends are up, and buckle on their armour.

K. Rich. O, Ratcliff, I have dream'd a fearful
dream !—

270

What thinkest thou ? will our friends prove all true ?

Rat. No doubt, my lord.

K. Rich. Ratcliff, I fear, I fear——

Rat. Nay, good my lord, be not afraid of shadows.

K. Rich. By the apostle Paul, shadows to-night
Have struck more terror to the soul of Richard,
Than can the substance of ten thousand soldiers,
Armed in proof, and led by shallow Richmond.
It is not yet near day. Come, go with me
Under our tents ; I'll play the eaves-dropper,
To hear, if any mean to shrink from me.

280

[*Exeunt K. RICHARD, and RATCLIFF.*

RICHMOND wakes. Enter OXFORD, and others.

Lords. Good morrow, Richmond.

Richm. 'Cry mercy, lords, and watchful gentlemen,
That you have ta'en a tardy sluggard here.

Lords. How have you slept, my lord ?

Richm. The sweetest sleep, and fairest-boding
dreams,

That ever enter'd in a drowsy head,

Have

Have I since your departure had, my lords.
Methought, their souls, whose bodies Richard murder'd,

Came to my tent, and cry'd—On! victory! 290
I promise you, my heart is very jocund
In the remembrance of so fair a dream.
How far into the morning is it, lords?

Lords. Upon the stroke of four.

Richm. Why, then 'tis time to arm, and give direction.—
[*He advances to the Troops.*]

More than I have said, loving countrymen,
The leisure and enforcement of the time
Forbids to dwell upon: Yet remember this—
God, and our good cause, fight upon our side;
The prayers of holy saints, and wronged souls, 300
Like high-rear'd bulwarks, stand before our faces;
Richard except, those, whom we fight against,
Had rather have us win, than him they follow.
For what is he they follow? truly, gentlemen,
A bloody tyrant, and a homicide;
One rais'd in blood, and one in blood establish'd;
One that made means to come by what he hath,
And slaughter'd those that were the means to help
him;

A base foul stone, made precious by the foil
Of England's chair, where he is falsely set: 310
One that hath ever been God's enemy:
Then, if you fight against God's enemy,
God will, in justice, ward you as his soldiers;
If you do sweat to put a tyrant down,

You

You sleep in peace, the tyrant being slain ;
If you do fight against your country's foes,
Your country's fat shall pay your pains the hire ;
If you do fight in safeguard of your wives,
Your wives shall welcome home the conquerors ;
If you do free your children from the sword, 320
Your children's children quit it in your age.
Then, in the name of God, and all these rights,
Advance your standards, draw your willing swords :
For me, the ransom of my bold attempt
Shall be this cold corpse on the earth's cold face ;
But if I thrive, the gain of my attempt
The least of you shall share his part thereof.
Sound, drums and trumpets, boldly and cheerfully,
God, and saint George ! Richmond, and victory !
[*Exeunt.*

Re-enter King RICHARD, RATCLIFF, &c.

K. Rich. What said Northumberland, as touching
Richmond ? 330

Rat. That he was never trained up in arms.

K. Rich. He said the truth : And what said Surrey
then ?

Rat. He smil'd and said, the better for our purpose.

K. Rich. He was i'the right ; and so, indeed, it is.
Tell the clock there.—Give me a kalendar.—

[*Clock strikes.*

Who saw the sun to-day ?

Rat. Not I, my lord.

K. Rich.

K. Rich. Then he disdains to shine; for, by the
book,

He should have brav'd the east an hour ago:

A black day it will be to somebody.—

340

Ratcliff—

Rat. My lord?

K. Rich. The sun will not be seen to-day;

The sky doth frown and lour upon our army.

I would, these dewy tears were from the ground.

Not shine to-day! Why, what is that to me,

More than to Richmond? for the self-same heaven

That frowns on me, looks sadly upon him.

Enter NORFOLK.

Nor. Arm, arm, my lord; the foe vaunts in the
field.

K. Rich. Come, bustle, bustle; — Caparison my
horse;—

350

Call up lord Stanley, bid him bring his power;—

I will lead forth my soldiers to the plain,

And thus my battle shall be ordered.

My foreward shall be drawn out all in length,

Consisting equally of horse and foot;

Our archers shall be placed in the midst:

John duke of Norfolk, Thomas earl of Surrey,

Shall have the leading of this foot and horse.

They thus directed, we will follow

In the main battle; whose puissance on either side

Shall be well winged with our chiefest horse.

361

This,

This, and saint George to boot! — What think'st thou, Norfolk?

Nor. A good direction, warlike sovereign.—
This found I on my tent this morning.

[Giving a Scroll.

K. Rich. *Jocky of Norfolk, be not too bold,* [Reads.
For Dickon thy master is bought and sold.

A thing devised by the enemy.—

Go, gentlemen, every man unto his charge :
Let not our babbling dreams affright our souls ;
For conscience is but a word that cowards use,
Devis'd at first to keep the strong in awe ;
Our strong arms be our conscience, swords our law.
March on, join bravely, let us to't pell-mell ; 371
If not to heaven, then hand in hand to hell.—
What shall I say more than I have inferr'd ?
Remember whom you are to cope withal ;—
A sort of vagabonds, rascals, and run-aways,
A scum of Brittain, and base lackey peasants,
Whom their o'er-cloyed country vomits forth
To desperate ventures and assur'd destruction.
You sleeping safe, they bring you to unrest ;
You having lands, and blest with beauteous wives,
They would distraign the one, distain the other. 381
And who doth lead them, but a paltry fellow,
Long kept in Brittain at our brother's cost ?
A milk-sop, one that never in his life
Felt so much cold as over shoes in snow ?
Let's whip these stragglers o'er the seas again ;
Lash hence these over-weening rags of France,
These

These famish'd beggars, weary of their lives ;
 Who, but for dreaming on this fond exploit, 389
 For want of means, poor rats, had hang'd themselves :
 If we be conquer'd, let men conquer us,
 And not these bastard Brittains ; whom our fathers
 Have in their own land beaten, bobb'd, and thump'd,
 And, on record, left them the heirs of shame.
 Shall these enjoy our lands ? lie with our wives ?
 Ravish our daughters ?—Hark, I hear their drum.

[*Drum afar off.*]

Fight, gentlemen of England ! fight, bold yeomen !
 Draw, archers, draw your arrows to the head !
 Spur your proud horses hard, and ride in blood ;
 Amaze the welkin with your broken staves !— 400

Enter a Messenger.

What says lord Stanley ? will he bring his power ?

Mes. My lord, he doth deny to come.

K. Rich. Off with his son George's head.

Nor. My lord, the enemy hath past the marsh ;
 After the battle let George Stanley die.

K. Rich. A thousand hearts are great within my
 bosom :

Advance our standards, set upon our foes ;

Our ancient word of courage, fair Saint George,

Inspire us with the spleen of fiery dragons !

Upon them ! Victory sits on our helms.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

*Another Part of the Field. Alarum. Excursions. Enter
CATESBY.*

Cates. Rescue, my lord of Norfolk! rescue! rescue!
cue! 411

The king enacts more wonders than a man,
Daring an opposite to every danger;
His horse is slain, and all on foot he fights,
Seeking for Richmond in the throat of death:
Rescue, fair lord! or else the day is lost!

Alarum. Enter King RICHARD.

K. Rich. A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a
horse!

Cates. Withdraw, my lord, I'll help you to a horse!

K. Rich. Slave, I have set my life upon a cast,
And I will stand the hazard of the dye: 420

I think, there be six Richmonds in the field;

Five have I slain to-day, instead of him:—

A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!

[Exeunt.]

*Alarums. Enter King RICHARD and RICHMOND;
they fight, RICHARD is slain.*

Retreat,

Retreat, and Flourish. Enter RICHMOND, STANLEY, bearing the Crown, with divers other Lords.

Richm. God, and your arms, be prais'd, victorious friends ;

The day is ours, the bloody dog is dead.

Stan. Courageous Richmond, well hast thou acquitted thee !

Lo, here, these long-usurped royalties,
From the dead temples of this bloody wretch
Have I pluck'd off to grace thy brows withal ;
Wear it, enjoy it, and make use of it. 430

Richm. Great God of heaven, say, amen, to all !—
But, tell me, is young George Stanley living ?

Stan. He is, my lord, and safe in Leicester town ;
Whither, if it please you, we may now withdraw us.

Richm. What men of name are slain on either side ?

Stan. John duke of Norfolk, Walter lord Ferrers,
Sir Robert Brakenbury, and Sir William Brandon.

Richm. Inter their bodies as becomes their births.
Proclaim a pardon to the soldiers fled,
That in submission will return to us ; 440

And then, as we have ta'en the sacrament,
We will unite the white rose and the red :—
Smile heaven upon this fair conjunction,
That long hath frown'd upon their enmity !—
What traitor hears me, and says not—amen ?
England hath long been mad, and scarr'd herself ;
The brother blindly shed the brother's blood,
The father rashly slaughter'd his own son,

The

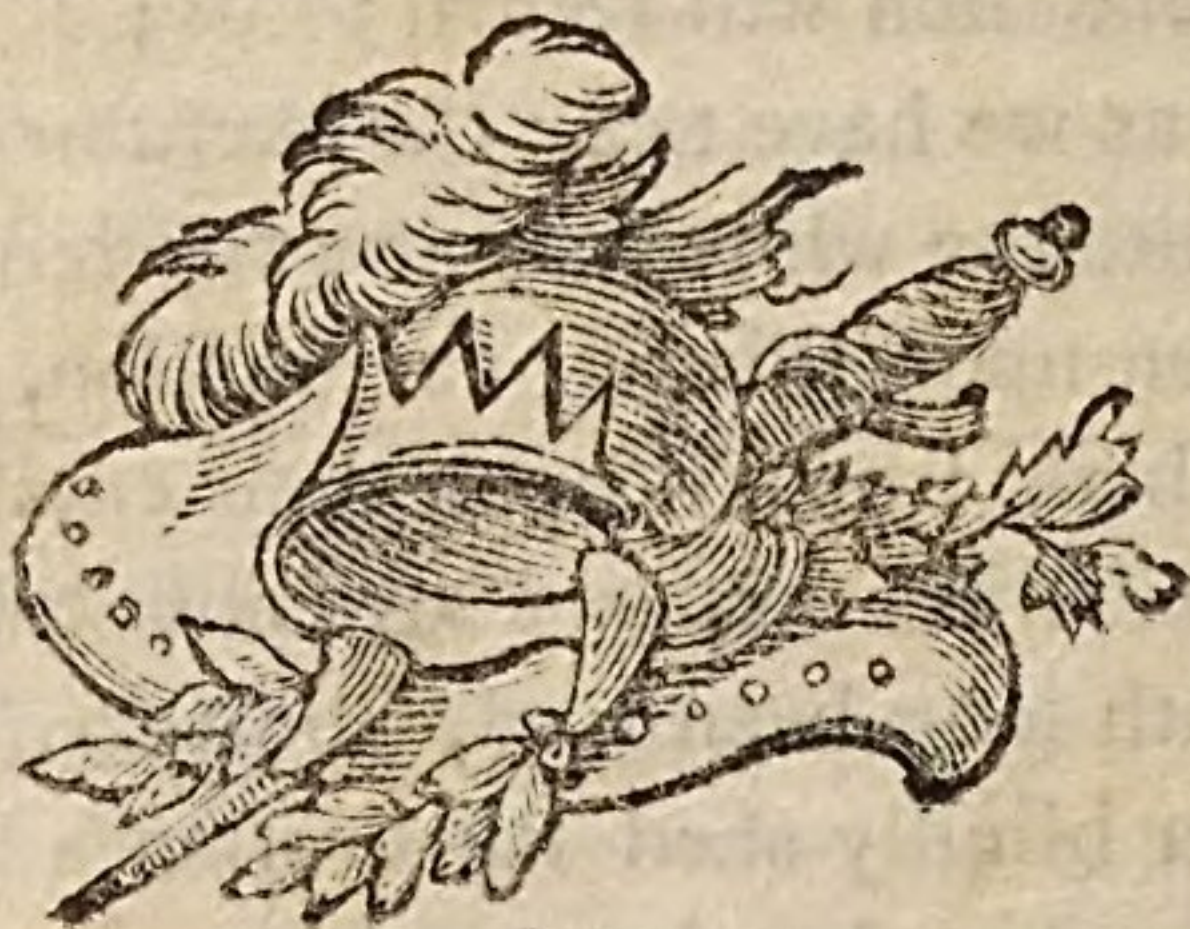
The son, compell'd, been butcher to the sire :
All this divided York and Lancaster,
Divided, in their dire division.—

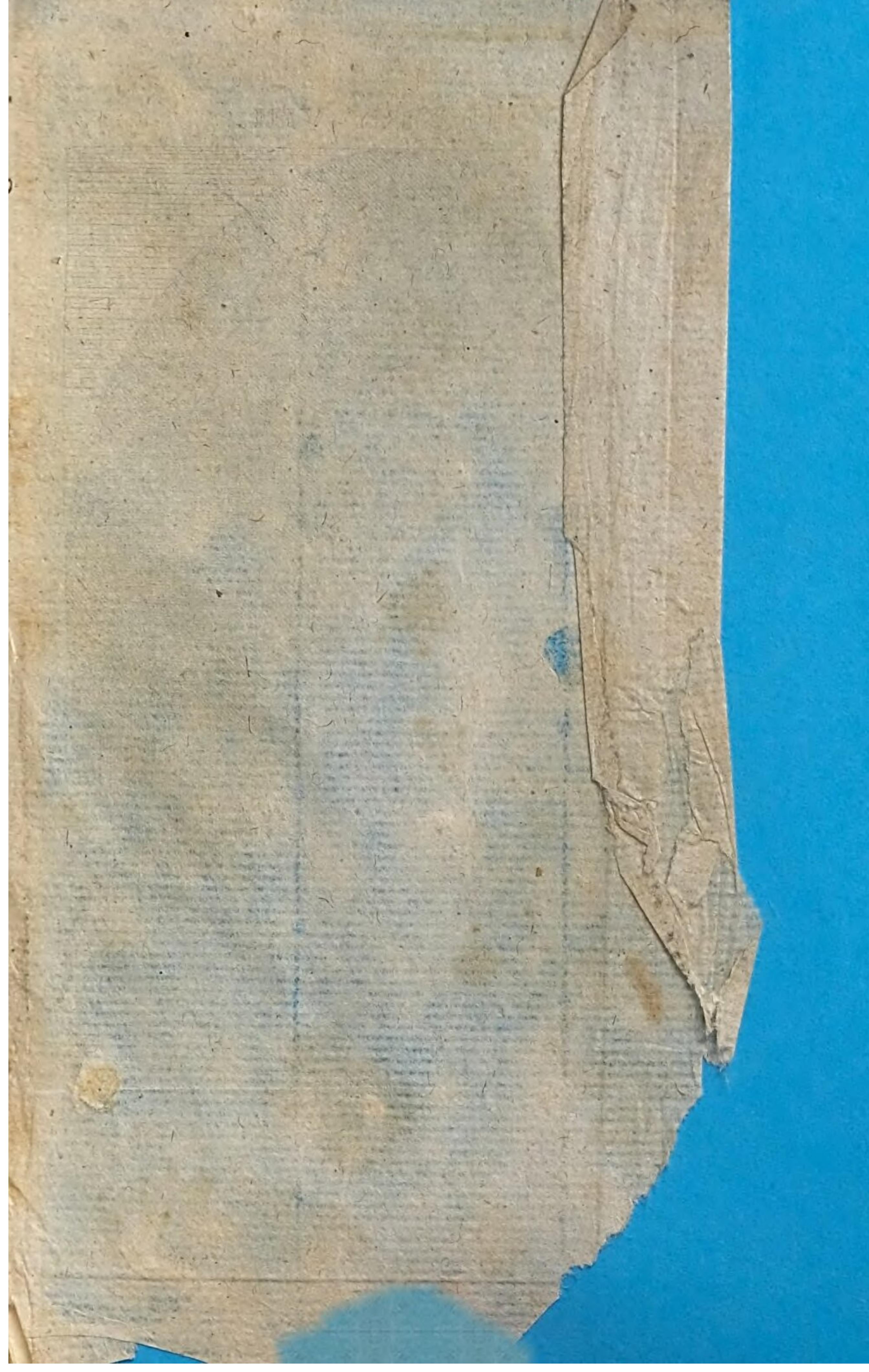
450

O, now, let Richmond and Elizabeth,
The true succeeders of each royal house,
By God's fair ordinance conjoin together !
And let their heirs (God, if thy will be so),
Enrich the time to come with smooth-fac'd peace,
With smiling plenty, and fair prosperous days !
Abate the edge of traitors, gracious Lord,
That would reduce these bloody days again,
And make poor England weep in streams of blood !
Let them not live to taste this land's increase, 461
That would with treason wound this fair land's peace !
Now civil wounds are stopp'd, peace lives again ;
That she may long live here, God say—Amen !

[*Excunt.*]

THE END.







H. A. P. E. R. E.



KING HENRY. VIII.

Farewel, a long farewel, to all my greatness

Act 3.

Scene 2.

P. de Loutherbourg del.

D. de la Roche sculp.

Shakespeare, William, / Johnson, Samuel, / Steevens, George,

Richard III

London 1786

Coburg, Landesbibliothek -- C II 7/32

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